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*Memoirs of John Abernethy, F.R.S.; with a View of his Lectures, Writings, and Character.* By George Macilwain, F.R.C.S. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

ABERNETHY was one day brushing his coat in his lobby, preparing to go out, when the Duke of York came to request him to visit the King, George IV. He told the Duke bluntly, still brushing his coat, that he was going to his lecture, and that he had better send for Cooper. Whether this anecdote is correctly reported or not, it is a characteristic illustration of the independence, the eccentricity, and the eminence of Abernethy at that time. He was at the top of his profession, when the brusqueness and apparent rudeness of his manner did not endanger a popularity which he had acquired by solid learning, true genius, and much experience. Early in his professional career he began to be famous. The author of 'The Pursuits of Literature,' in his 'Fourth Dialogue,' printed in 1797, describes an amateur scientific man, who, among numerous other objects of pursuit,—

"At anatomic lore would sometimes peep,  
And call Earle useful, Abernethy deep."

The verses of Matthias were clever enough, but seemed chiefly intended as pegs to hang the notes upon, the latter bearing the same proportion to the poem that "the boundless convexity of frizz" did to the top of Dr. Parr's wig, as Sidney Smith said in his witty review of one of the doctor's sermons, with its voluminous notes. The note to the foregoing allusion in the 'Pursuits of Literature' runs thus:—"Abernethy, a young surgeon of an accurate and philosophical spirit of investigation, from whose genius and labours I am led to think that the medical art and natural science will hereafter receive very great accessions." The young surgeon did not belie the shrewd discernment and generous anticipations of Mr. Matthias. In original research he did not distinguish himself so much as his master, John Hunter, and other scientific medical men had done, but he filled many offices with credit and celebrity, and in the practice of his profession attained a popularity, the traditional renown of which remains to this day. What medical man has not stories about Abernethy to tell, and who has not heard some anecdotes of his professional skill or of his extraordinary manners? His name is familiar as a household word in medical annals, while the memory of his sayings and doings is still as fresh as tradition could preserve it. But after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century it was time that some more tangible and enduring record of his life should appear. This is attempted in the two octavo volumes which an admiring and affectionate pupil has dedicated to his memory.

We are sorry to have to say that Mr. Macilwain has done all that a man could possibly do to spoil a good subject. From the very first sentence of his book the anticipation of dulness is awakened, and the reader soon becomes painfully aware how sorely his patience is to be exercised. Through fourteen tedious pages of general reflections we proceed, without discovering whether the author is directing our thoughts, till at length it is announced that "John Abernethy was born in London, in 1764, exactly one year after John Hunter settled in London," and that "Abernethy's first work was published in 1793, the same

year that Hunter died." We then discover the purport of the long and far-fetched prefatory disquisition on "the development of truth," "the succession of scientific men," and the biographical coincidences, in virtue of which "Newton was born the same year that Galileo died," and Abernethy saw the light the year after Hunter settled in London! Almost every section of the book is in similar manner ushered in by remarks generally unnecessary and often irrelevant. To appreciate Abernethy, Mr. Macilwain says that "the public should have correct views at least of the general nature and objects of medical science." A general knowledge, sufficient for this purpose, is surely possessed by every intelligent reader of biography, but Mr. Macilwain thinks it necessary to give professional homilies and scientific details, which are quite out of place in such a memoir. All this we are ready to believe is done in honest anxiety to make the worth and wisdom of Abernethy more understood, but there is grievous lack of judgment and taste in not trusting more to the intelligence and knowledge of the readers of the book. More than half the work is made up of the biographer's expositions and explanations, and it is always a pleasant relief when he changes from the lectures to the reporter and narrator. But in spite of Mr. Macilwain's tedious over-perspicuity his memoir cannot fail to be read with deep interest. Let us be grateful to him for collecting so many authentic memorabilia of Abernethy. In this case we are willing that charity should cover a multitude of sins, and in the affectionate reverence of the pupil let us lose sight, as much as we can, of the faults of the biographer.

Abernethy was at first intended for the bar, and he used to say, "had my father let me be a lawyer, I should have known every Act of Parliament by heart." His ready, capacious, and retentive memory was turned to account in another course of life. The motives by which he was led to turn to the medical profession seem to have been at first rather vague, and are thus stated by the biographer:

"Sir Charles Blicke was a surgeon in large practice; he lived at that time in Mildred's Court, and Abernethy's father was a near neighbour, probably in Coleman-street.

"Abernethy had shown himself a clever boy, a good scholar; and he was at the top of Wolverhampton School before he was fifteen. Sir Charles Blicke was quick-sighted, and would easily discover that Abernethy was a 'sharp boy.' All that Abernethy probably knew of Sir Charles, was that he rode about in his carriage, saw a good many people, and took a good many fees, all of which, though probably presenting no particular attractions for Abernethy, made a *prima facie* case, which was not repulsive. Accordingly, in the year 1779, being then fifteen years of age, he became bound an apprentice to Sir Charles, and probably for about five years.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sir Charles Blicke had a large and lucrative practice. He had the character of taking care to be well remunerated for his services. He amassed a considerable fortune; but we incline to think the impressions of the profession which Abernethy derived from the experience of his apprenticeship were not very favourable. The astute, business-like mode of carrying on the profession, which seems to have characterised Sir Charles Blicke's practice, could have few charms for Abernethy. The money-making character of it had never much attraction for him, and at that period of his life probably none at all; whilst the measured pretensions of it to anything like a science, could hardly have been at times otherwise than repulsive.

"The tone in which he usually spoke of Sir Charles's practice did not convey a very favourable idea of the nature of the impression which it had left on him. In relating a case he would say: 'Sir Charles was at his house in the country, where he was always on the look out for patients.' On another occasion, speaking of patients becoming faint under peculiar circumstances, he observed: 'When I was an apprentice, my master used to say: "Oh, Sir! you are faint; pray drink some of this water." And what do you think was the effect of his putting cold water into a man's stomach under these circumstances? why, of course, that it was often rejected in his face.'

It was in attending the anatomical lectures of Sir William Blizard that Abernethy first felt real enthusiasm for his profession. The notices of the London schools and hospitals, and of the eminent lecturers and practitioners of that time, will be read with much interest by medical men, but we must pass by these to give some extracts illustrating the personal and professional character of Abernethy, as he was known to the general public. It is of the peculiarities of his manner with patients in the upper classes of society that the most frequent anecdotes are told:—

"Sometimes Mr. Abernethy would meet with a patient who would afford a useful lesson. A lady, the wife of a very distinguished musician, consulted him, and finding him uncourteous, said: 'I had heard of your rudeness before I came, Sir, but I did not expect this.' When Abernethy gave her the prescription, she said: 'What am I to do with this?'

"Anything you like. Put it in the fire, if you please.'

"The lady took him at his word—laid his fee on the table, and threw the prescription into the fire, and hastily left the room. Abernethy followed her into the hall, pressing her to take back her fee or to let him give her another prescription; but the lady was inexorable, and left the house.

"The foregoing is well authenticated, Mr. Stowe knows the lady well, who is still living; but many of these stories, to our own knowledge, were greatly exaggerated. Abernethy would sometimes offend not so much by the manner as by the matter; by saying what were very salutary but very unpleasant truths, and of which the patient perhaps only felt the sting. We know a gentleman, an old fox-hunter, who abused Abernethy roundly; but all that he could say against him was: 'Why, Sir, almost the moment I entered the room, he said: "I perceive you drink a good deal," (which was very true). Now,' added the patient, very *naively*, 'suppose I did, what the devil was that to him!'

"Another gentleman of considerable literary reputation, but who, as regarded drinking, was not intemperate, had a most unfortunate appearance on his nose, exactly like that which accompanies dram-drinking. This gentleman used to be exceedingly irate against Abernethy, although all I could gather from him amounted to nothing more than this, that when he said his stomach was out of order, Abernethy said: 'Aye, I see that by your nose,' or some equivalent expression.

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"'Mr. Abernethy,' said a patient, 'I have something the matter, Sir, with this arm. There, oh! (making a particular motion with the limb) that, Sir, gives me great pain.' 'Well, what a fool you must be to do it then,' said Abernethy."

However abrupt or even rude Abernethy may have been to the rich, his kindness and gentleness to the poor were invariably conspicuous:—

"A woman came into the hospital to have an operation performed; and Abernethy, as was his invariable custom, took some time to get her health into a more favourable condition. When the day for the operation was at hand, the dresser informed him that she was about to quit the hospital.

"'Why, my good woman,' said Abernethy,

'what a fool you must be to come here to have an operation performed; and now, just as you are in a fit state for it, to go out again.' Somebody here whispered to him that her father in the country 'was dying.' With a burst of indignation, his eyes flashing fire, he turned to the dresser, and said: 'You fool, why did you not tell me this before?' Then, after a moment or two looking at the patient, he went from the foot up to the side of the bed, and said in the kindest tone possible: 'Yes, my good woman, you shall go out immediately; you may come back again when you please, and I will take all the care I can of you.'

'Now there was nothing in all this perhaps, but his manner gave it immense force; and I remember one of the old pupils saying to me: 'How kind he was to that woman; upon my soul, I could hardly help crying.'

On the causes of the apparent roughness and occasional eccentricity of his manner, the biographer has some sensible and satisfactory remarks:—

'We have no doubt that with a most benevolent disposition, Abernethy's manner, particularly as he advanced in years, evinced great irritability; and we believe that it was the result of two or three different causes, which in their combined influence got a mastery which the utmost resolution was not at all times able to control. It had formed the subject of numerous conversations between Abernethy and some of his most intimate friends, and we believe had arisen, and been unconsciously fostered by the following causes: 'In early life he had been, as he told Dr. Thomas Rees, 'particularly disgusted with the manner in which he had seen patients caressed and 'humbugged' by smooth and flattering modes of proceeding, and that he had early resolved to avoid that at all events.' He further observed: 'I tried to learn my profession, and thinking I could teach it, I educated myself to do so; but as for private practice, of course I am obliged to do that too.' We can easily understand, how in a sensitive mind an anxiety to avoid an imputation of one kind might have led to an opposite extreme; and thus a negligence of ordinary courtesy might have taken the place of a disgusting assestantion.

'No doubt, however, a temper naturally impulsive, would find in the perplexities which occasionally beset the practice of our profession, too many occasions when the suggestions of spirit, which, though not always unwelcome to ruffled temper, and those of fear of improper assentation would unfortunately coincide; and thus lead to intermix and confound the observance of a praiseworthy caution, with a yielding to an insidious habit. If to this were now added that increase of irritability which a disturbed and fidgety state of physique never fails to furnish, and from which Abernethy greatly suffered, the habit would soon become dominant; and thus an originally good motive, left unguarded, be supplanted by an uncontrolled impulse. We believe this to have been the short explanation of Abernethy's manner; all we know of him seems to admit of this explanation. It was a habit, and required nothing but a check from his humanity or his good sense to correct it; but then this was just that which patients were not likely to know, and could have been still less expected to elicit.'

Some honourable instances are mentioned of cases where Abernethy afterwards felt that his manner had given just offence, and where he made immediate and frank apology. The following letter he wrote to a patient in the country, who had complained that he did not receive the sympathy he expected:—

'Dear Sir,—I am sorry to have said anything that has offended you. I may have felt annoyed that I could not suggest any plan of treatment more directly curative of your malady, and expressed myself pettishly when you did not seem to understand my meaning, for I am a fellow-sufferer, and had tried what are considered to be appropriate remedies, unavailingly. I assure you that I did

not mean to hurt your feelings, and that I earnestly hope the state of your health will gradually improve, and that your local maladies will decline in proportion.

'I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,  
JOHN ABERNETHY.  
Bedford-row, October 25.'

Even his rudest manner was evidently often assumed to protect himself from the tiresome and time-wasting trifling of fanciful and troublesome patients, "a parcel of people," as he called them, "who came to him with nothing the matter." Where other medical men are too frequently servile and time-serving, his straightforward honesty led him to give offence, and always to his own pecuniary detriment:—

"It is true his roughness was very superficial, it was the easiest thing in the world to develop the real kindness of heart which lay undoubtedly beneath it, and it is very instructive to observe how a very little yielding to an absurdity may occasionally obscure one of the most benevolent hearts that ever beat in a human breast, with the repulsive exterior of ungenteel manners. Still patients could not be expected to know this, and therefore too many went away actually dissatisfied, if not disgusted.

"The slightest reaction was in general sufficient to bring him to his self-possession. A lady whom he had seen on former occasions, was one day exceedingly hurt by his manner, and burst into tears. He immediately became as kind and patient as possible, and the lady came away just as pleased as she had been at first offended.

"Reaction of a different kind would answer equally well. One day a gentleman consulted him on a painful affection of his shoulder, which had been of a very excruciating character. Before he had time to enter on his case, Abernethy said: 'Well, I know nothing about it!' The gentleman sharply retorted: 'I do not know how you should, but if you will have patience till I tell you, perhaps you then may.' Abernethy at once said, 'Sit down,' and heard him out with the greatest kindness and patience."

It was in the lecture-room that Abernethy's genius and learning were most displayed, and in connexion with his classes some of the best anecdotes are reported:—

"His mode of relating cases, which involved some important principle, showed how really interested he had been in them. A gentleman recovering from a very serious illness, after having failed a long time in getting relief, was threatened by the influence of the same causes with a return of his malady. 'He thought,' said Abernethy, 'that if he did not drink deeply, he might eat like a glutton.' He lived in the country, and Mr. Abernethy one day went and dined with him. 'Well,' said Mr. Abernethy, 'I saw he was at his old tricks again; so, being a merchant, I asked him what he would think of a man who, having been thriving in business, had amassed a comfortable fortune, then went and risked it all in some imprudent speculation?' 'Why,' said the merchant, 'I should think him a great ass.' 'Nay, then, Sir,' said Abernethy, 'thou art the man.'

"On another occasion a boy having suffered severely from disease of the hip, Abernethy had enjoined his father to remove him from a situation which he was unfit to fill, and which, from the exertion it required, would expose him to a dangerous recurrence of his complaint. The father, however, put the boy back to his situation; one day Abernethy met both father and son in Chancery-lane, and he saw the boy, who had a second time recovered, again limping in his walk. After making the necessary inquiry, 'Sir,' said he to the father, 'did I not warn you, not to place your son in that situation again.' The father admitted the fact. 'Then Sir,' said Abernethy, 'if that boy dies, I shall be ready to say you are his murderer.' Sure enough, the boy had another attack, and did die in a horrible condition.

"This story, and others of a similar kind, were intended to impress the paramount importance of keeping diseased parts, and joints especially, in a state of perfect repose; and to prevent recurrence of disease, by avoiding modes of life inappropriate to constitutions which had exhibited a tendency to this serious class of diseases.

"He was remarkably good on the mode of detecting and managing accidents, fractures, and dislocations. In regard to the latter, he had many very good stories, of which we will presently cite a ludicrous example. He could, however, throw in pathos with admirable skill when he desired it. The following lamentable case, he used to tell to an audience singularly silent. He is speaking of the course of a large artery.

"Ah," said he, "there is no saying too much on the importance of recollecting the course of large arteries; but I will tell you a case. There was an officer in the navy, and as brave a fellow as ever stepped, who in a sea-fight received a severe wound in the shoulder, which opened his axillary artery. He lost a large quantity of blood, and the wound was staunched for the moment, and he was taken below. As he was an officer, the surgeon, who saw he was wounded severely, was about to attend to him, before a seaman who had been just brought down. But the officer, though evidently in great pain, said: 'Attend to that man, Sir, if you please, I can wait.' Well, his turn came, the surgeon made up his mind that a large artery had been wounded; but as there was no bleeding, dressed the wound, and went on with his business. The officer lay very faint and exhausted for some time, and at length began to rally again, when the bleeding returned; the surgeon was immediately called, and not knowing where to find the artery, or what else to do, told the officer he must amputate his arm at the shoulder joint. The officer at once calmly submitted to this additional but unnecessary suffering; and as the operator proceeded, asked if it would be long; the surgeon replied, that it would be soon over; the officer rejoined: 'Sir, I thank God for it!' but he never spoke more."

"Amidst the death-like silence of the class, Abernethy calmly concluded: 'I hope you will never forget the course of the axillary artery.'"

Of the humorous stories with which he sometimes relieved the painful details of the history and treatment of disease, here is a characteristic specimen:—

"Few old pupils will forget the story of the Major who had dislocated his jaw.

"This accident is a very simple one, and easily put right; but having once happened, is apt to recur on any unusual extension of the lower jaw. Abernethy used to represent this as a frequent occurrence with an hilarious Major; but as it generally happened at mess, the surgeon went round to him, and immediately put it in again. One day, however, the Major was dining about fourteen miles from the regiment, and in a hearty laugh out went his jaw. They sent for the medical man, whom said Abernethy, we must call the apothecary. Well, at first, he thought that the jaw was dislocated, but he began to pull and to show that he knew nothing about the proper mode of putting it right again. On this the Major began to be very excited, and vociferated inarticulately in a strange manner; when, all at once, the doctor, as if he had just hit on the nature of the case, suggested that the Major's complaint was on his brain, and that he could not be in his right mind. On hearing this, the Major became furious, which was regarded as confirmatory of the doctor's opinion; they accordingly seized him, confined him in a strait-waistcoat and put him to bed, and the doctor ordered that the barber should be sent for to shave the head, and a blister to be applied 'to the part affected.'

"The Major, fairly beaten, ceased making resistance, but made the best signs his situation and his imperfect articulation allowed, for pen and paper. This, being hailed as indicative of returning rationality, was procured; and as soon as he was sufficiently freed from his bonds, he wrote—'For

God's sake send for the surgeon of the regiment.' This was accordingly done, and the jaw readily reduced, as it had been often before. 'I hope,' added Abernethy, 'you will never forget how to reduce a dislocated jaw.'

Mr. Macilwain's account of Abernethy as a teacher, and his remarks on lectures and lectures generally, are altogether the best parts of his work. They may be profitably studied by all whose position requires them to give oral instruction, while they afford most life-like traits of the subject of the memoir. In everything relating to the progress of science Mr. Abernethy took deep and lively interest. Of this, as well as of his discernment of genius, and encouragement of merit, a memorable instance occurred in the appointment of the present distinguished Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy:—

"When Mr. Owen had completed his education, his thoughts were directed to a surgery in the navy, as combining a professional appointment with the possibility of pursuing, with increased opportunities of observation, his favourite study. Fortunately for science, he went to Abernethy, who requested him to pause. He said, 'You know the hospital will not have any but apprentices. Macartney left on that account. Stay,' said he, 'and allow me to think the matter over.' This resulted in his proposing to the council of the College of Surgeons that there should be a permanent Professor of Comparative Anatomy, and that the appointment should be given to Mr. Owen.

"This is among the many proofs of Abernethy's perception of character. Mr. Owen had dissected for lecture; and Abernethy saw, or thought he saw, a peculiar aptitude for more general and enlarged anatomical investigation. The whole world now knows how nobly the Professor has justified the hopes of his talented master. It would be out of place for us to attempt a compliment to a man so distinguished in a science, wherein the varied pursuits of a practical profession allow us to be mere amateurs; neither do we wish to forget other gentlemen who distinguish themselves in this branch of science; but we believe that most competent judges allow that the celebrated Cuvier has not left any more fitted to appreciate his excellence, or who has more contributed to extend that science of which the Baron was so distinguished a leader, than Profess. Owen."

Towards the close of the work the biographer gives a formal summary of his intellectual and professional character, but a more pointed and expressive delineation of the chief traits occurs in a parallel previously drawn between Abernethy and his master, Hunter:

"John Hunter was a man of indefatigable industry, and exceedingly circumspect in his observation of facts. Abernethy was flogging too, but more impulsive and not so dogged; mere facts were mere bores to him; he panted for practical relations, and was most wonderfully quick in perceiving them. His vision was as penetrative as Hunter's had been circumspect and cautious. Hunter would have sifted all the useful things out of any heap, however heterogeneous; Abernethy would have looked through it, at once found the one jewel that it concealed, and left the rest for the next comer. They were both most perfectly honest and truthful, both careless of money, both enthusiasts in science—that is, both ardent in the pursuit of truth, with that kind of feeling which does not stop to examine the utilitarian relations of these pursuits, but which, carried on by a continually increasing impulse, takes the good for granted, and is impelled by the love of truth for its own sake.

"But, interesting as it is to observe those requisitions which, as indispensable, are common to the successful investigators of science, it is yet more so to see the distinctive character of John Hunter and John Abernethy. The former, with many ideas to tell, and most of them new, had a difficulty in expressing himself. With more need

than any man before him for additional facilities in this way, he had a restricted vocabulary: again, in making use of it, his style was seldom easy, often obscure; so that things which, when thoroughly understood, had no feature more striking than their simplicity, were often made to appear difficult, and by many readers, no doubt, had often been left unexamined.

"Abernethy, on the contrary, had a happy facility of expressing himself, and a power rarely equalled of singling out the difficult parts of a subject, and simplifying them down to the level of ordinary capacities. Hunter, though not without imagination or humour even, had these qualities held in abeyance by the unceasing concentration of his intellectual faculty. As Abernethy used to say, 'John Hunter was always thinking.' Abernethy, on the contrary, had an active imagination; it always accompanied his intellect, like a young, joyous attendant, constantly lighting up the more sombre propositions of her grave companion, with variety of illustration. The most difficult proposition, directly Abernethy began to fashion it, had all its rough points taken off, and its essential features brought out clear and orderly to the plainest intellect. John Hunter's manner of laying down facts the most important to the formation of a medical science (take place when it may) was not able to keep people awake. Abernethy's treatment of the most dry and unimportant, kept the class unceasingly interested. The obscurity of language in Hunter was happily replaced not only by an unusual ease, but by a *curiosa felicitas* in Abernethy. In sustained composition, Hunter, generally difficult, often obscure; Abernethy, if not faultless, always easy and unaffected. If his style failed sometimes in earnestness and vigour, it was always sincere; and though not deficient in elegance, yet, if it asserted no special claim to that excellence, it was always pleasing and perspicuous.

"Nothing could be further from the earnest and thinking John Hunter than anything dramatic; Abernethy had that happy variety of countenance and manner that can be conveyed by no other term. Hunter, without being slow, was cautious, circumspect; Abernethy, without being hasty, was rapid, penetrative, and impulsive. Never were two minds so admirably fitted for the heavy-armed pioneering in science, and the comparatively light-trooped intellect, which was calculated to render the first clearing easily convertible to those practical necessities with which the science had to deal."

We have given only some detached specimens of the contents of a work which, with all its faults of execution, is an acceptable and entertaining record of one of the most remarkable men in the annals of the healing art.

*The Russian Shores of the Black Sea in the Autumn of 1852; with a Voyage down the Volga, and a Tour through the Country of the Don Cossacks.* By Laurence Oliphant. Blackwood and Sons.

THE pleasant journey made by Mr. Oliphant in 1851 to Katmandu, in company with the Nepalese ambassador, Jung Bahadour (see *ante*, L. G. 1852, p. 445), seems to have inspired the adventurer with a love of travel which promises much interest and novelty. Mr. Oliphant is determined, apparently, and we may add wisely, to select little-known ground, and there is abundant *matériel* in his observations to make up for any deficiency in his manner of writing them. No sooner is the traveller returned from his elephant-hunting in Nepaul, than he is off to St. Petersburg, and to the rivers which run into the White Sea, to fish. On arriving, however, at the Russian capital, he is tempted by railway to Moscow, and by diligence to the great fair of Nijni Novgorod; and from thence he proceeded eastward and southward by the Volga to Kazan, Saratov, and the country of the

Don Cossacks, and home across the Sea of Azov to the Crimea by way of Odessa and the Danube. Owing to the unsettled state of affairs in Eastern Europe, and to the public anxiety to know more of the Russian people, a special interest attaches at this time to Mr. Oliphant's book, and his present narrative of travel, instead of being 'Reading for the Rail,' in a little volume for the pocket, is contained in a dignified volume for the library, of much typographical excellence, illustrated with thirty-three beautiful wood engravings, and a tinted frontispiece and maps. Mr. Oliphant frequently notices in the course of his travels the oppressive character of the Russian government; at the Moscow Railway, for example, where only one train is forwarded per day, passengers are required to be at the station one hour before starting. The journey of 450 miles was performed in twenty-two hours.

"The country throughout is tame and uninteresting. Now and then a picturesque wooden village is seen, but generally a sort of fir-scrub lines the railway. There are no tunnels, but some large rivers are crossed by bridges of considerable elevation. On arriving at Moscow, we were nearly torn to pieces by the Isvoschiks or droshky boys, who afterwards did their best to jolt us together again before arriving at Mr. Pickersgill's hotel. After renovating ourselves there, we were in a condition to commence a survey of the town, and sallied forth to delight our eyes with the lovely and unique views from the Kremlin, and to explore the wonders of its far-famed precincts.

"I was puzzled to decide which was the most striking—the prospect stretching before us as we stood upon the terrace under the shadow of the great bell, in which green roofs and tapering steeples, or gilded domes and star-spangled cupolas, met the eye on every side—while the river, spanned by two picturesque bridges, and covered with boats from distant provinces, flowed smoothly at our feet: or whether, whilst leaning against the parapet of the wooden bridge beneath, and gazing upwards at the confused mass of buildings enclosed by the quaint old turreted wall, I was not still more fascinated with that vast assemblage of cathedrals and palaces. Here were the remnants of a barbaric age, which had escaped an almost universal destruction, mingled with the elaborate productions of modern art still unfinished, in style and architecture so strangely dissimilar, yet here placed side by side, while seeming to bear as much affinity to one another as the Taj and the Tuilleries; the whole, nevertheless, so happily grouped, that the combination, far from leaving any painful impression on the mind from its singularity, seemed absolutely necessary to the composition of a picture altogether unrivalled in its novelty.

"Outside the walls, and forming a foreground, stands the Church of St. Basil, well worthy its prominent position. If the buildings in the Kremlin be like Eastern temples and modern palaces, this is an edifice which can certainly lay claim to being unlike anything ever before produced in any part of the world. Its grotesque appearance and brilliant colouring at first sight would have rendered me insensible to that charm which I could not ultimately fail to perceive in the quaint irregularity of its buildings, while a certain solemnity of position and character pervaded the whole; and at last it became my greatest favourite among the buildings which stand near, and seem in vain to rival it.

"The interior of the Kremlin is worthy of attention no less than the exterior. The Church of the Assumption is one of the most fantastically ornamented even of Greek churches; while the gorgeous state-rooms in the palace, only completed within the last year, may safely be pronounced the handsomest in Europe. Passing with uncovered head through the Strass Vorota, or Gate of the Redeemer, where sentries are stationed to enforce the usual mark of respect due to the picture suspended in the archway, the traveller will soon become in-

volved in an inextricable maze of streets; but he will wander on, quite content to lose himself amid objects of such novel and varied interest.

"One rainy day we took refuge in the covered passages of the Ryadi, an Eastern-looking bazaar, where the owners of gay open shops vociferously entreated us to inspect the strange assortment of wares thus ostentatiously exhibited, and seemed quite surprised at our resisting their pressing invitations to become purchasers of coloured wax-lights, glittering wedding crowns, or huge gaudy pictures of hard-favoured saints. Wearing with the incessant cry of Paschaltz, and finding that we ran a great chance of being drenched by the shower-baths which in places deluged these galleries, we adjourned to a famous teashop, where we were waited upon by the cleanest of waiters, soothed by fragrant tobacco, and regaled by the most delicious tea, in company with an immense number of bearded devotees of that beverage for which Russia is so justly famed. Here we were first initiated into the orthodox way of drinking it with a slice of lemon as a substitute for milk."

The journey from Moscow to Nijni Novgorod was one of two days and two nights in a roomy diligence. We must give our readers a few notes on the great fair in this busy locality:—

"To us, as strangers, the earnest, business-like appearance of the people was especially striking. There was evidently no time to be lost in merrymaking or penny shows. Here fortunes were to be lost or won in a few short weeks. The rich merchant had brought valuable wares from distant lands at an enormous expense; the poor pedlar had trudged many a weary mile with his heavy pack: both had staked their all on the results of their transactions in the allotted time, and were in no humour to trifling with it. It had evidently never struck them that Nijni fair was a place to which people would resort either for pleasure or instruction, or for anything but gold; and certainly, interesting though it was, some such motive as the last would be required to induce a second visit. The fair is held on a low sandy spot of land, formed by the junction of the Oka and the Volga, and which is subject to constant inundation in winter. The substantial part of it, inhabited by the wealthy merchants, is arranged in twelve parallel streets, composed of neat two-storied brick houses, the lower part forming the shops and warehouses, which are protected by covered verandahs. Each street terminates at one end in a pagoda, indicating the Chinese quarter; while at the other it is connected with a square, where the governor's house and public offices are situated.

"This respectable nucleus is encompassed by a deep border of temporary wooden huts, inhabited by an indescribable swarm of ragged Tartars, Tchouvasses, Kirghies, and Calmucks, besides the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who frequent the fair with provisions, fruit, and all sorts of farm and country produce. A long bridge of boats across the Oka connects this busy peninsula with the hill on which is situated the town of Nijni, commanding an extensive view of the whole scene. Both rivers are covered with every conceivable shape and description of boat and barge; some from the distant Caspian, laden with ironware, Persian shawls, Georgian carpets, and Bukharian skins, or dried fruits: these vessels, of square, unwieldy construction, are elaborately painted and ornamented, and on their decks are erected curious wooden habitations, from the peaked roofs of which flutter gaudy flags, while out of the carved windows peep Eastern maidens. Others, rude and strongly built, have come down the Kama with Siberian iron or tea; while the more civilised appearance of a few denotes their Western origin, and these have threaded their way from the shores of the Baltic, laden with the manufactured goods of Europe. On board this singular mixture of craft is found as singular mixture of inhabitants, whole families coming from their distant homes to take some share in what—now that the Exhibition exists no longer in that capacity—may resume its old title of the World's Fair.

"Our abode was situated in a suburb on the opposite side of the river, so that it was necessary to cross the bridge of boats every time we wished to visit the fair; and here the confusion was always the greatest. We were obliged to struggle our way, if on foot, amidst sheepskins, greasy enough to scent us for the rest of our lives, thereby adding to the store of fleas with which we had started from our lodging. Women, with waists immediately under their throats, and petticoats tucked up to their knees, tramped it gallantly through the mud, and made better progress than we could. A Cossack on horseback rode up and down the bridge for the purpose of keeping order amid the droshkies, which, heedless of the rules of the road, dashed in every direction, apparently bent upon splashing those they did not run over. Drunken men continually stumbled against us; and when at last we reached the slough on the opposite side, the confusion and hubbub were greater than ever. The mud in the shallowest parts was at least two feet in depth, and nearly everybody waded about in it with Russian leather jack-boots. Numbers of small shops surrounded the bespattered populace, while a few miserable attempts at shows only proved how little they were appreciated. At the corners of the streets running into this delectable hole were stationed Cossacks, who showered blows upon offending Mujiks or peasants with their heavy lashed whips, without regard to the nature of the offence or the size of the victim. Turning up one of these streets, and penetrating farther into the fair, other scenes and pleasanter forms meet the eye. The gay dress of the Georgian forms a pleasing contrast to the everlasting sheepskin; and, as we enter the shop of the Tiflis merchant, beautifully embroidered slippers, rich table covers, and the finest silks are spread out temptingly before us; and it is fortunate for our pockets that we have a steppe journey in prospect, and the vision of sundry custom-houses afterwards. In the next shop are handsome furs and skins piled in every available corner, and the owner of the valuable collection stands at the door, his flowing robe and dignified demeanour betokening his Eastern origin. Aaron was, in fact, a Bukharian Jew, who delighted to show us his costly wares, even though there was no chance of our becoming purchasers; and, finally, regaled us with almonds, split peas, and raisins—flattered, perhaps, by the admiration we expressed at the belt he wore, the buckle of which, composed of solid silver, was set with turquoises. But it would be hopeless to attempt a description of the costumes of the different merchants and shopkeepers, or to enumerate the variety of articles exposed for sale."

On approaching the country of the Don Cossacks, Mr. Oliphant gives the following notice of the Calmuck Tartars, who, quitting the deserts of Astrakhan, and crossing over the vast tracts of pasture land which extend from the eastern shore of the Volga into Asia, migrate there, and pitch their tents in the vicinity of the fairs and markets:—

"These 'kybitkas' or tents consist simply of a framework of wood, over which felt is stretched, while a circular aperture at the top gives egress to the smoke. I should have stopped and paid a visit to these wanderers in their own habitations, had I not already inspected a party of them in Dubovka, and nothing could be more interesting than their whole appearance. Of all the inhabitants of the Russian empire, the Calmucks are the most distinguished by peculiarity of features and manners; and certainly their ragged flowing robes, bound round the waist with a coarse dirty scarf, and exposing to view a copper-coloured chest, together with their red boots and flat yellow cape trimmed with fur, completed a wild costume, unlike anything to be met with in less remote parts of the country. Their long black hair hung in thick braids on each side of their faces, which were of true Mongolian type; and it was difficult to look on the low wide noses, high cheek-bones, and long narrow eyes of these men, and yet believe that they were inhabitants of Europe. I felt transported again to the

borders of Chinese Tartary, where I had already visited a race sprung from the same origin, adherents of the same faith, and probably, to some extent, speaking the same language.

"It is singular how little we know of those nomadic hordes inhabiting the vast steppes of Tartary and Thibet, whose only real allegiance consists in a religious veneration for the sovereign pontiff at Hlassa. Wandering over the deserts which form the boundary of Russia and China, they are a sort of connecting link between the two greatest empires in the world, as they become at pleasure the subjects of one or the other. Once already from these regions have barbarian hosts poured forth, who, sweeping across the steppes which extend from the base of the Ural Mountains to the shores of the Caspian, spread themselves far and wide over the world of that day. We had crossed the very track of these invaders; and as we looked upon their successors, encamping in miserable tents, roving over arid plains, a scattered and degraded race, it was difficult to conceive that they could be the precursors of more barbarians, destined again to overrun the enlightened part of the world; and yet it is not long since the first Calmuck invasion took place."

Of the Don Cossacks themselves we are tempted to extract the following:—

"We entered the country of the Don Cossacks at Jablonsky, our first stage from Tzaritzin. Nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of the country between the Volga and the Don, except, perhaps, that through which we travelled after crossing the latter river. The undulating prairie, covered with a short dry grass, interspersed with quantities of wild thyme and lilac crocuses, stretched away interminably, and looked like an ocean regaining its tranquillity after a three days' storm. For miles we did not meet a soul; occasionally we saw a few bullock-carts carrying timber across to the Don, or a wild-looking Cossack galloped past on a wilder-looking horse. The road seemed carefully to avoid all villages, and the few we discovered at a distance consisted chiefly of round huts, so exactly like the haystacks amid which they were placed as to be scarcely distinguishable from them; but though I saw carts carrying straw, as well as these haystack villages, I do not remember passing a road of cultivation until we reached the Don. The weather having been fine for some weeks past, the road was pretty good, though a mere track; but the delays at the huts—dignified with the name of post-stations—were most annoying. However, after a ten hours' journey we reached the river, a placid and unpretending stream. Its banks had much the same character as those of the Volga—the high steppes on the west rising abruptly from the water's edge, intersected in every direction by ravines. We were ferried across, about sunset, to the pleasant little village of Piatisbanskia, where, for the third time since leaving Tzaritzin, we changed horses.

"And now, for the following night and day, our journey presents one unweary monotony; one undulation is as like another as are the post-stations: generally, on arriving at one of these, not a soul is to be seen—a solitary chicken, perched on the wheel of a broken-down cart, is the only visible sign of life. At length, after sundry ineffectual attempts to open the door of the wooden cabin, a slovenly woman looks out, followed by three or four ragged brats. One of the children immediately disappears upon the steppe, returning in about half an hour with a bearded sullen-looking man, who, without deigning a remark, mounts one of the last team, and gallops away as if he never meant to come back: presently, however, half-a-dozen horses are seen rattling at full speed down a distant slope, followed by two men—our sullen friend and his sullen friend, whom he seems to have picked up somewhere with the horses. By this time our yamschik, or driver, from the last place has succeeded in loosening the rope, which serves as a pole-strap, and which has hitherto been continually breaking on the side of every hill just when it was most wanted; upon the last occasion,

however, he has apparently succeeded in getting it into a most permanent knot. Meantime three horses are selected from those which have just been driven into a sort of kraal—the work of harnessing begins, and occupies another half-hour. Notwithstanding all the experience which the driver brings to bear upon the subject of the pole-ropes, they prove a dreadful puzzle, and are evidently quite a modern and hitherto unseen invention.

"At length everything is ready. The last driver is thrown into ecstasies at receiving a vodka of fourpence, after having driven us fifteen miles; the new driver is no less enchanted at the prospect of a similar magnificent remuneration; while the original sullen-looking man, who has been engaged inspecting and writing on our padaroshna, emerges with a grim smile on his countenance, and charges a ruble, by way of a good round sum, for the next fifteen miles, instead of the proper price, which is only eighty copeks (2s. 8d.). The yamschik then mounts the box in high spirits, and after having thus wasted an hour or two we are off again *ventre à terre*, down one pitch and up another, regardless of the ditch at the bottom, over which the carriage and horses take a sort of flying leap, much to our discomfiture. Our delays, however, are too long and numerous to admit of any remonstrance affecting our speed, and the yamschik continues to earn his vodka by undergoing the most tremendous exertion. He shouts, and curses, and applauds, and whistles, and yells without ceasing, flourishing his whip over his head, by way of a hint that the lash may come down, which, however, it very seldom does; for the horses, being without blinkers, invariably take the hint, and seem not to require much pressing. He is a picturesque figure altogether, this Don Cossack yamschik, with his huge red mustache, the ends of which are visible protruding on both sides of his head, as we sit behind him. He wears a grey fur cap, and a blue tunic reaching halfway to the knee, bound round the waist with a red sash. A huge pair of jack-boots, into which his loose trousers are thrust, complete a costume which, though not altogether unlike that of the ordinary Russian peasant, somehow invests the wearer with a greater degree of independence. In an hour and a half he has jolted us to the end of our stage, where the same delay occurs, and the same scene is re-enacted. At night, however, the routine is varied: the horses are sometimes at home, but the delay is not much less; we have to rattle at the door and wake the children, who cry and wake the woman, who wakes the husband, who, to be saved all further trouble, immediately says there are no horses. We repeat incessantly *loshedye* (horses) and *vodka*; and when at last we show him twenty-five copeks, he produces three nags. We pat him on the back, and try to be friends, but our advances are very coldly received; and he fumbles and scribbles on our padaroshna, by the dim flickering light, for a most interminable time.

"The yamschiks are more mystified in the dark than ever, and lose all the nuts in attempting to grease the wheels. At last, when we are off, it begins to rain, and we discover, for the first time, that our carriage leaks like a shower-bath. We are vainly endeavouring to avoid the deluge, when, after a violent jolt, we hear a rattle; upon investigating the cause of which, we find that the wheel will probably come off before our arrival at the next station, in which case we shall be obliged to pass the black stormy night in a wet carriage on a dreary steppe, miles from any habitation or means of obtaining assistance. It may be imagined with what intense anxiety—as we slackened our speed into a cautious walk—we watched the loosening of all the spokes of one of our fore-wheels on such a night—the third we had spent on the road; and it was with feelings of no less satisfaction that we at last hailed our arrival at an unusually substantial cabin, where we determined to stay until morning should bring us fine weather, and some person to repair the wheel.

"The following morning, after getting our wheel clumsily patched up, we started under the bright

auspices of a most glorious rising sun. The steppe was not so rough, and presented a more varied aspect. We passed through a few villages occasionally, consisting of small one-storeyed houses, surrounded by balconies, and more substantially built than those we had hitherto seen; while a wooden mill, situated on a sluggish-looking stream, fringed with willows, once enlivened the prospect; but, with the exception of these few willows, I saw not a single tree during the whole journey. We had numerous and extensive views over the winding Don, and the interminable steppe which stretched uninterruptedly to the Caspian, and appeared to be on a level of about two hundred feet lower than ourselves. Moreover, we observed numerous large herds of cattle, sheep, and horses, and passed more bullock-carts than usual, loaded with every conceivable species of gourd. They were accompanied by rough, surly men, and most unprepossessing females—though perhaps some allowance should be made for the ladies, regard being had to their unbecoming costume, which was entirely composed of a coarse white nightgown and Wellington boots. The men were somewhat similarly attired, except that the nightgown was shortened into a tunic, and their loose trousers were tucked into their boots. The more respectable wore a sort of cavalry foraging-cap with a red band.

"The country of the Don Cossacks is much more thickly peopled than the traveller who follows the line of white posts across the turf which mark the *post-road* has any reason to suppose; indeed, it seems an established principle that the *post-hut* should be in the most solitary position, where it is impossible to obtain the assistance requisite for the constant repairs which are rendered necessary by the rough nature of the country traversed. Upon obtaining our padaroshna at Dubovka, we were furnished with a list of the post-stations, which, however, was only forthcoming after a great deal of delay, as the postmaster seemed never to have heard of the route we proposed taking. He must ultimately have invented the names and distances, which were carefully marked on the list, for, with the exception of the first, not a single station named existed in reality; and had it not been that occasional glimpses of the Don satisfied us that we were following our intended course, no possible means existed of knowing whether we were journeying in the right direction or not.

"The chief characteristic of the Don Cossack post-masters—and they probably are good specimens of the race—is a sullen apathy and dogged imperturbability, excessively irritating to wayworn travellers, whose efforts to be understood were, in our case, absurdly futile,—threats, rubles, and supplications proved alike unavailing. We pointed to our feeble wheel, and to the setting sun; the postmaster exhibited no surprise, no sympathy—nothing but a pot of grease as a remedy for a worn-out tire. Once only my earnest entreaties elicited an abrupt inquiry as to whether I was a Christian. I knew enough Russian to understand the question, and answer in the affirmative; and was instantly desired to make the sign of the cross as a proof of the orthodoxy of my profession. As the cross is made in a peculiar manner, and varies in some of the sects of the Greek Church, I declined compromising myself by an unsuccessful attempt; upon which the Cossack shrugged his shoulders with a sneer, and reserved his aid and his sympathies for Christian travellers.

"We were ferried across the Donetz, a noble stream rivalling the Don in magnitude; and from the heights above we had a good view of the confluence of the two rivers. The steppes to the westward of the Donetz are a vast carboniferous deposit; and the most important mines are situated at Backmout, in the government of Iekaterinoslav. At certain seasons a steamer is employed—of course by government—in towing barges loaded with anthracite from these mines. The word Donetz is supposed by Clarke and others to have been the origin of the name given by the Greeks to the Don; and the transition from Donetz, or Danaetz, to Tanais does not seem a very violent one.

"Numerous vineyards line the banks of the

Don the whole way to Tcherkask, which produce a great quantity of sparkling wines, somewhat similar to those of the Crimea. According to the last official reports, the exportations from these vineyards alone amount to three hundred and seventy-five thousand rubles. As we approached the capital of the province, we were startled by the unexpected vision of a traveller, the first we had met for more than three hundred miles. With curiosity something akin to that which is experienced on inspecting an unknown sail at sea, I gazed through the cloud of dust at the dirty vehicle and its still dirtier occupant as they rattled past, and was enabled to form some idea of the appearance we must ourselves have presented, though in no respect enlightened as to the rank or station of the individual. Indeed, there is nothing to guide one in estimating the condition of a Russian on a journey; horses, carriage, driver, traveller—all look equally ragged and unkempt, and are covered with one uniform coat of dust. The traveller and the carriage are neither of them washed until the end of the journey. This might therefore be a prince going to assume the government of a province, or the nineteenth clerk in a police-office, for any outward indications to the contrary.

"The night was far advanced when we at last distinguished the picturesque outline of Novo Tcherkask by the clear light of a full moon. Crossing a small tributary of the Don, we toiled slowly up the base of the hill on which the town is situated, and passed under a grand triumphal arch erected in honour of Alexander, which looked all the more imposing and mysterious at that hour, from our being totally unprepared for any such architectural display. This being the first town we had seen since leaving the banks of the Volga, there was an excitement in the change from the dreary lifeless steppe; and although the tramp of the sentinel was the only sound that rung through the now deserted streets, it was a pleasure to rattle over them, and feel we were at length in the capital of the country of the Don Cossacks."

Here for the present we must pause. The narrative of Mr. Oliphant's travels in the Crimea is of the highest interest, and we must return to his volume for further extracts. The author inclines rather too much to speak disparagingly of the discomforts of the country through which he journeyed. A little less about dirt, fleas, bad roads, broken vehicles, and ill manners, and a little more of the better parts of the people, would have been more acceptable, but as the journal of a lively and intrepid traveller over a country little visited by Englishmen, the book is one of considerable interest.

#### *The Religion of the Heart. A Manual of Faith and Duty.* By Leigh Hunt. John Chapman.

AMONG the follies of the first French Revolution, one of the strangest was the system of Theo-philanthropism. Under this specious title some of the philosophers of the day invented a new religion, before which all superstitions and evils were to disappear from the face of the earth. Obtaining from the Directory the use of some of the churches of Paris, they listened to discourses on reason and virtue, and offered upon the altar bouquets of flowers and baskets of fruit, as symbols of their homage to the God of Nature. Canning, in the 'Anti-Jacobin,' did not fail to attack this sect with his satire:—

"Ere long, perhaps, to this astonished isle,  
Fresh from the shores of subjugated Nile,  
Shall Bonaparte's victor fleet protect  
The genuine Theo-philanthropic sect—  
The sect of Marat, Mirabeau, Voltaire,  
Led by their Pontiff, good La Reveillere."

And then follow the famous lines on the praises of Lepaux:—

"And ye five other wandering bards that move,  
In sweet accord of harmony and love,  
Coleridge, and Southey, Lloyd, and Lamb, and Co.,  
Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux!  
Priestley and Wakefield, holy, humble men,  
Give praises to his name with tongue and pen!  
Thelwall, and ye that lecture as ye go,  
And for your pains get pelted, praise Lepaux!  
All creeping creatures, venomous and low,  
Paine, Williams, Godwin, Holcroft, praise Lepaux!"

Coleridge and Southey outlived the youthful folly for which they were thus pilloried; and with the exception of Paine, who retains an evil notoriety, there are few of the philosophical deists of that age whose tenets now attract any notice. But the spirit of Theophilanthropism, too good a name for so bad a system, is not yet extinct, as the volume before us sadly testifies. Mr. Leigh Hunt has undertaken to systematize the vague religious sentiments of those who, rejecting Christianity and other old systems of superstition and priesthood, seek to cultivate "the religion of the heart." For these he has prepared "a manual of faith and duty," comprising a form of worship and a liturgy, which he tells us has been for some time in use in a small circle, and "has done good to man, woman, and child." Let us examine some parts of this new moral specific for the evils of humanity, which the priest of this happy little coterie publishes for the benefit of mankind. We turn to the form of religious service, and it is agreeable to us, with our prejudices, to find the recognition of a seventh day of rest, and of an assembly on that day for worship, even though the object of worship is a cold abstraction under the name of "the Great Mystery of the Universe." To the Liturgy several rubrics are prefixed, giving such directions as these:—

"Weekly Service.

"On Sundays, at a regular hour between breakfast and dinner, the family or other congregation will assemble, and service will be performed as follows:—

"After a pause of a few minutes, when the congregation is settled, the organ or seraphine, or other such musical instrument, if the place possess one, will be played, the music being instrumental only, and of a gentle character.

"This music is to be considered a preparation for the Silent Reflections, which, after a brief pause, will follow.

"But where there is no such instrument, the Reader for the Day, instead of it, and after the pause following on the settlement of the congregation, will say:—

"My friends, let us prepare our thoughts for the consideration of the duties which we owe to the Great Being that has formed us, and to the fellow-creatures with whom we are incited to make progression.

"The congregation, making it a point to attend to the words as closely as if they were addressed to them by another, will here repeat the following

"Silent Reflections.

"1. It is good to prepare the thoughts in gentleness and silence, for the consideration of duty.

"2. Silence as well as gentleness would seem beloved of God:

"3. For to the human sense,

"4. And like the mighty manifestation of a serene lesson,

"5. The skies, and the great spaces between the stars, are silent.

"6. Silent too, for the most part, is earth:

"7. Save where gentle sounds vary the quiet of the country,

"8. And the fluctuating solitudes of the waters."

After a series of reflections in this strain, the public Liturgy commences, "the Reader and the Congregation proceeding aloud, alternately, as follows:—

"*Liturgy.*

"*Reader.* The heart bids us adore the great and serene Mystery of the Universe;

"*Congregation.* The calmness and the goodness of God:

"*R.* Constant as the heavens above the clouds;

"*C.* Yet working in them, and beneath them, for the hopes of earth:

"*R.* Who far as telescope can discern, has sown the gulfs of space with planets as with seed-pearl:

"*C.* And yet is not more present in the remotest of them than he is in our own planet, which is one of his pearls also:

"*R.* Inciting us to advance in knowledge and goodness;

"*C.* Through troubles which are not all trouble;

"*R.* But sweetness also of joy;

"*C.* And provers of affection;

"*R.* Giving also termination to trouble;

"*C.* But no end to the hope of joys to come:

"*R.* Who being therefore good in the evils which we understand,

"*C.* Is to be held equally so in those which are obscure to us;

"*R.* Like the good and wise parents, whom their children sometimes misconstrue;

"*C.* But who are loved by them more and more, as they grow up in wisdom themselves:

"*R.* Encouraging us nevertheless, for our growth in strength and worthiness, to assist in doing evils away;

"*C.* Especially those of the poor and misled;

"*R.* And of all wants whatsoever, both of body and soul;

"*C.* As from time to time is done, in the course of the progress which he has ordained;

"*R.* The human creature learning to know and to respect, more and more, the frame which his soul inhabits.

"*C.* And the beautiful region of the universe, in which it is sojourning;

"*R.* Worthy of study for its wonders;

"*C.* And of admiration for its beauties;

"*R.* And of respect for its patience and its endeavours;

"*C.* And of love for its affections;

"*R.* And of its place among the stars for its hopes:

"*C.* Giving us to see vast evidences of space and time, and starry habitations;

"*R.* With suns nobler and nobler, and like centres for other suns;

"*C.* As if to encourage our hearts and our understandings, onwards, and for ever."

This is all very pretty and very pious, so far as sentiment goes, and the succeeding 'Rules of Life and Manners,' including the duties of temperance, cleanliness, politeness, and charity, are such as the good people who "repeat them aloud," and all who read them, may profitably attend to. Among these commandments we are exhorted—

"To keep our bodies clean, things about us in order, and our appearance decent and unaffected.

"To keep our blood pure with exercise and fresh air, and to be as conversant always with the air as befits creatures that exist only by means of it.

"To avoid oppressing, exciting, or drowsing ourselves with over-eating, or drinking, or with narcotics.

"To consider kind manners, and a willingness to please and be pleased, not superficial but substantial duties.

"To hold censorious talk dishonourable to the motives, and in a creation so full of interest, disgraceful to the understanding.

"To set examples, in word and deed, of the truthfulness that we demand from others;—not indeed saying all we think at all times (which would be inhuman), but never saying anything which we do not think, or doing anything with duplicity."

To all which, and many other exhortations, the Reader, speaking alone, says:—

"So be it, my dear friends. Amen. And may the Divine Mystery who created us, the Great and Beneficent God, the ordainer of growth and progress, who has thought fit for his wise purposes that the human race should join in working out their own advancement, find us worthy of our share in the endeavour, and give us a foretaste of his heaven in the love and harmony of the perseverance.

"*Congregation.* Amen."

Here, after a pause, or music, as at the opening of the service, the rubric enjoins that "a sermon or other serious discourse is to follow," to furnish materials for which Mr. Hunt has collected a number of striking passages from philosophers, from Confucius and Epictetus down to Emerson and Carlyle, with homilies and disquisitions of his own on religion and virtue. We give a few sentences from one of Mr. Leigh Hunt's 'serious discourses,' or 'aspirations,' as they are also designated:—

"Let us be wise always; enjoying whatever duty permits us to enjoy, communicating knowledge, strengthening and perfecting our bodies and our souls. Yet why should progression be deprived of any one portion of its hopes? The tranquillity of this room, the consciousness of a purpose and a sympathy, of reposing on one another's hearts, of desiring to be stronger and kinder, to lay aside all ill, and to possess ourselves of all good,—nay, the recollection of the little heats we may have indulged at any time against one another, or even brought with us now to this place (may we hasten to show that they are no more when we go out of it),—does not all this pleasure, and even this pain, if well considered, incite us to do as much as possible for the enlightenment and gathering together, in one sweet pasture of many folds, the whole human race? Do not we think that families, less comfortable or consoled than ourselves, might attain to the same comfort and consolation? Do we not seem to feel, in this gentle and reflecting quiet, that heaven extends itself to wherever such meetings take place? and that by many such meetings, and many such carryings on of their spirit when they are over, heaven indeed would be extended and detained upon earth?

"Let us pause on that thought. Let us sit awhile, and refresh ourselves for our task, in the quiet of that aspiration."

Leaving the happy family in the mystic peacefulness induced by this soothing aspiration, we must in very few words express our opinion of this complacent book. Dangerous we do not call it, because it is not a work adapted to the uneducated classes, and there are few educated readers in whom it will not excite pity. In an age when the truth of revealed religion is attested by ever-accumulating evidence, and when the discoveries of men of science, the researches of the learned, and the explorations of travellers, are multiplying proofs of the divine origin of the sacred records, a man of some note in literary circles announces that Christianity is "incompatible with the present advanced state of knowledge and love of good," and involves "contradictions, no less barbarous in the eyes of simplicity and common sense, than in those of a philosophy the most subtle." Such statements from such a quarter might be treated merely with ridicule, were it not for the pity with which we regard an old man, apparently in honest seriousness, turning his back on the broad sunshine of truth, and with his dim taper of sentimental pietism groping his way toward "the great darkness." The paganism of the closing pages about the probabilities of immortality, and the hopes of future enjoyment, it is painful to witness.

Into any discussion of the topics presented

in Mr. Hunt's book, it would be out of place and very needless for us here to enter. Apart altogether from higher arguments, this 'Religion of the Heart,' with its bible and its liturgy, may be safely left to find its own place in the limbo of false philosophy and bad taste. We only regret that a name of literary respectability should in its decline be associated with such a work.

*Ιστορία τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς ἐπαναστάσεως. Τόμος Α. (History of the Greek Revolution. Vol. I.)*  
By Spiridion Tricoupi, Greek Minister in London. Published for the Author.

THAT there should not have existed a good native history of the great Greek war of independence, was always a matter not so much of surprise as of sorrow to the Philhellenes of the west. It was not indeed to have been expected that, amid the public confusion consequent on the establishment of the infant kingdom, and the fret of disappointed parties, leisure should have been afforded for the collection of materials in the first place, and then for that calm review of them, which are the two great conditions of authentic history. The publication of the military memoirs—πολεμικά ἱστορικά νευενταρά—of Perrhebos, in the year 1836, at Athens, comprehending as they did but a small section of the great operations of the war, only served to whet the appetite for something more complete; and those who were not personally acquainted with Mr. Tricoupi and his literary occupations, were often tempted to entertain the fear that the notable men of that interesting period would drop one after the other into their graves, and leave no lasting record of their patriotic deeds behind them. Such fears, however, have now been happily put to shame by the appearance of the first volume of Mr. Tricoupi's work, and the certainty that—the whole work being already written out—no circumstance can now occur to mar the completion of a classical Greek narration of the most remarkable events in Greek history since the time of Aratus and Philopomen. The appearance of this work, too, at the present moment, adds a strong political to the historical and philological interest which such a production peculiarly excites; and altogether we cannot but regard it as one of the most notable literary phenomena of the last thirty years, so fertile in all kinds of intellectual activity.

In composing his work in the Greek language, and not in French—which most educated Greeks write gracefully—Mr. Tricoupi has shown a true appreciation both of his own high function as the author of a patriotic history, and of the capabilities of the glorious language which he wields. Neglected by the uneducated masses of the ill-starred people who spoke it, and ignored by the fastidiousness of book-learned philologists, the Romaic dialect was fast falling into the state of a crude and motley *patois*, when it was brought forward into the light of European scholarship by the patriotic Korais, editor of Strabo, Arrian, Heliodorus, &c., and under the fostering care of his disciples, assisted by the fresh breeze of the war of 1821, soon asserted its right to be recognised as a green and blooming shoot from the venerable old Pelasgic stock. Academic men, accustomed too often to confine themselves to a certain narrow circle of select Greek authors, remained for the most part unaware of this green and lusty vigour which the Greek language was now exhibiting; their arbitrary pronunciation

also, against which Bishop Gardiner, three hundred years ago, so stoutly protested, and the systematic neglect of the characteristic accent of the language tended to keep our scholars remote from all living sympathy with the literary culture of the modern Greeks. But now that a Greek gentleman of philosophic mind, large political experience, and fine taste, has come forward into our literary arena and boldly claimed fellowship with Herodotus and Thucydides, none but the most purblind pedant will be able to shut his eyes to the clear shining truth that the language of Plato verily is not dead, but was only sleeping, and that there is every likelihood of the Professors of the Othonian University of Athens soon rivalling the fame of some of the most famous Doctors of the Lyceum and the Academy in whose vicinity they have pitched their tent.

We do not mean to trouble our readers on the present occasion with a curious exposition of the nature and character of the neo-Hellenic dialect of the Greek. Suffice it to say, that it is pure Greek, unspotted by any such motley patches of foreign vocables as we see defacing the paragraphs of a German newspaper; and that any person who can read Xenophon or Josephus fluently, will, with a few minutes' instruction and a little practice, read Tricoupi with equal facility. We must mention, also, that our author is by no means a nice pedant of the bookish Byzantine school which wrote after dead models, as Italian Bembo exercised his taste in turning pretty sentences like Roman Cicero. Tricoupi is a living man writing for the living; and carefully avoids all that over-nice fastidiousness of phrase, which, while it gained the applause of small philologists, would repel the sympathies of the masses to whom he appeals.

Those who have read the excellent history of the Greek revolution, by the late General Gordon, of Cairness in Aberdeenshire, confessedly the best work on the subject hitherto, will at once perceive that the great fault which it would be most difficult for a native historian to avoid, was that by which Clarendon fell,—viz., partiality. The revelations which Gordon makes—sturdy Philhellene as he was—of the gross selfishness, falsehood, and brutality of some of the most prominent characters in the war, are of such a startling nature, that one could scarcely imagine it possible for a patriotic Greek to tell so woful a tale of Greek patriotism so truly; but Tricoupi has far too profound a philosophic insight into national character, to attempt the concealment of vices in his own countrymen, which, however odious to a high-minded Englishmen, were the necessary result of the circumstances in which they had been placed. Cowardice and falsehood are the two vices to which all enslaved nations are constrained; and the Greeks, moreover, from the peculiar geographical conformation of their country, inherit from the days of the Peloponnesian war a tendency to faction and disunion from which the compact patriotism of a sea-girt Briton is happily free. Mr. Tricoupi has thrown no disguise over the fact that the Peloponnesian Greeks, in the commencement of the struggle, fled in hundreds from the approach of some twenty or thirty Turks, that they often practised, though they did not openly profess, the base maxim that no faith is to be kept with a Turk, and that instead of a chivalrous combat in the tented field, shield to shield, and sword to sword, they sometimes carried only too faithfully out

the lesson which they had been taught by their barbarous masters of butchering in mass multitudes of the weak, the innocent, and the undefended.

Mr. Tricoupi has prefaced his work with some remarks on the distinguishing character of the Greek revolution, which we shall here translate:—

"The Greek Revolution is distinguished from all others by certain peculiar characteristics worthy of note. This Revolution did not attempt merely to place a chain upon despotism, nor to change the local form of government, nor to break metropolitan fetters. It attempted a more serious and glorious enterprise,—to drive out by arms a foreign race from Greece, which had held it for centuries in forced bondage.

"Many great nations of modern times, whether oppressed by absolutism at home, or groaning under the yoke of a foreign tyranny, have effected a complete change in the existing state of things either by changing monarchy into democracy, or by completely throwing off the foreign yoke; but these nations achieved these great changes without having originally intended them. William Tell and those who took the sacred oath with him in the valley of Grütli, did not contemplate the overthrow of the foreign government which oppressed them, but only the lightening of those heavy burdens under which they groaned. The same was the case with the inhabitants of the Low Countries, when they took up arms against the tyranny of Philip of Spain. And the representatives of England in the reign of Charles I. did not rise against the monarchical form of government, though they overthrew it; nor against the king personally, though they beheaded him; nor for the sake of establishing democracy, though they established it. They rose only for the defence of their ancient political rights, which had been trampled on, and for the security of a new act which they had passed, and against which they had reason to believe that the king was plotting. The same was the case with the French revolution,—commencing with one object, and ending with something altogether different; as also with North America, which rose against the mother country with no serious intention of gaining that independence in which the struggle ended. But Greece both purposed and proclaimed before God and men, from the very beginning of her great struggle, that she had taken up arms to shake off the foreign yoke, and to revive her nationality and independence. This characteristic difference, consisting in a fore-thought purpose, deserves to be noted by every thoughtful student of the Greek Revolution."

The Greek Revolution, as is well known, commenced by a most unfortunate prelude in the principalities of the Lower Danube, under the generalship of the well-known Alexander Ypsilanti. The account of this unfortunate movement occupies a considerable part of Mr. Tricoupi's first volume, and as a specimen of his historical judgment and discrimination, we shall close for the present with the summary which he gives of the Wallachian campaign:

"Though the mysterious Grand Arch of the secret society from which the Revolution sprung was baseless and phantasmal, so much the more credit is due to Alexander Ypsilanti for lending to so insignificant and unpromising a scheme the authority of his distinguished name. Unquestionably, only the most ardent patriotism and a high ambition persuaded him to risk his all on this dangerous struggle, to lose his position with the Russian autocrat, and spend a great part of his private patrimony on the undertaking. But he was a man by no means equal to so great a work. Easily deceived, and ready to believe whatever he desired, he from the very beginning became the tool of intrigues and traitors; in all his actions he showed want of decision and perseverance; his hopes and fears came always more from without than from within. He showed by his conduct also that he did not understand the true nature of popular insurrections, which are advanced by a striking

offensive blow at the first, and can never succeed by a purely defensive strategy. He found the condition of affairs in Moldavia and Wallachia far more favourable to his plans than he could reasonably have expected; he was well received, and for more than two months no Turks appeared on the scene. But all these favourable circumstances profited him nothing. His whole strength lay in the generally entertained idea, that in nobly taking up the contest he represented the secret power of Russia; nevertheless, he himself rendered null this useful delusion by proclaiming, without express authority from the Czar, that 'a great power patronizes the struggle,' and thus forcing Russia, though with a secret unwillingness, publicly to disown his attempt. From the influence of all these causes, he found himself in the midst of disorderly, disobedient, and treacherous followers; and was forced to think rather of his own safety than of the overthrow of the enemy. The battles of Dragasan, Scouleni, and Sekos, and the gallant resistance made by so many brave warriors after his departure, proved that there were men in the country who, had they been used wisely, were ready to achieve glory or death under his leadership. But he could use nothing; and, after being reduced to the saddest situation, he was forced to surrender himself to the hostile Austrian government, with the vain hope of finding mercy there, where he found imprisonment and death. Nevertheless, the movement in the principalities assisted the revolt in Greece, not only as a diversion, but because it brought on serious diplomatic differences between Russia and Turkey, the continuance of which was useful to the Greeks. The memory of Ypsilanti, however, will notwithstanding all his faults, remain deathless, and be honoured with many hymns among the Greeks, on account of the magnanimity with which he threw himself into the front of danger, the greatness of his sufferings for his country, and the happy issue of that great struggle in which he drew the first sword."

This is good sense, and good writing. We shall look with impatience for the appearance of Mr. Tricoupi's second volume, which, we understand, is in the press.

*Traits of American-Indian Life and Character.* By a Fur Trader. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Of human nature in its rudest and wildest forms this volume presents some strange and interesting sketches. In the journals of passing travellers we have many notices of the North American Indians, but they have usually given the bright side of their character. They have described what they saw of tribes living on the confines of civilization, where the Indians have learned to conceal or suppress some of their vices, and have acquired the art of comporting themselves with some degree of propriety, so as to render the intercourse of commerce and good neighbourhood possible. The whites, it is true, have, by the introduction of gunpowder and alcoholic drinks, brought new kinds of misery on the aborigines; but even with the evils arising from intemperance, the condition of the American Indians in contact with civilized society is immeasurably superior to that of the remoter tribes. The Fur Trader, from long observation and experience, shows that they are anything but 'noble savages' who run wild in the woods, and that 'the reports that some travellers have chosen to spread respecting them are little worthy of reliance.' Referring to these tales of travellers, the Fur Trader remarks:—

"War, hunting, and horse thieving, are the sole pursuits of these reckless and most terrible of all foragers, in the prosecution of which they have no respect for persons. The prizes they most covet are scalps and horses—it matters not whether

they be snatched from trader or Indian; though, in the former case, they have been taught to purchase them more dearly than the latter. In my different meetings with them, I have been so far fortunate as to lose only three men, but it is in this quarter that drawing-room authors should travel, and I will venture to say they will return—if indeed they are so fortunate as to escape home again—with a far different impression of the character of Indians than they seem to entertain."

The book consists of a selection of anecdotes from the journals and the recollections of the author during a long career in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Some of the incidents are of an exciting and painfully tragic kind, and, horrible as they appear, they have every mark of being the truthful narratives of an eye-witness. As an example of the scenes described by the author, we give his account of the burning of the dead, which he saw during one of his solitary excursions on the banks of Stuart's Lake:—

"The sombre and thick-coming fancies in which I indulged, were suddenly interrupted by a succession of harrowing screams which issued from a neighbouring thicket of pines. Although unarmed, I rushed forward to ascertain the cause; personal security on such an occasion being a secondary consideration, and indeed at all times little regarded by me, who, by placing my trust on Him above, have so often been, I may say miraculously, preserved in the many perils I have undergone. I had not penetrated far into the wood, when I unexpectedly found myself in the midst of an assembly consisting of not fewer than a hundred swarthy Indians of both sexes, whose naturally savage countenances presented at this moment, begrimed as they were with a composition of fish-oil and charcoal, an appearance more than usually revolting. Guns, axes, and clubs, appeared in the hands of some, while bright daggers glistened, as they moved, from beneath the blankets of others. My surprise at finding myself suddenly in the midst of so rude an assembly was at least equalled by the astonishment evinced by the savages themselves; for, on such occasions as the present, which I speedily discovered to be for the purpose of consuming a dead body by fire, strangers are never invited, and seldom venture to intrude."

"Recovering from my momentary surprise, and looking hastily around me, I perceived the corpse of an Indian, a young man of the village, recently deceased, stretched on the ground in the midst of a knot of mourners. It was in a state of perfect nudity; and, from the protracted illness which had preceded death, seemed to be reduced to a mere skeleton. Its head was supported on the knees of an individual whom I conjectured to be the widowed wife, although her form was so shrouded by the folds of a ragged blanket, and by the persons of the bystanders, that it was impossible to say, with any certainty, even to what sex the sad and silent mourner might belong. Close to the corpse lay a quantity of dry fir; a wood in its very nature inflammable, and in the present instance rendered so in a tenfold degree by being reduced to thin splinters.

"The observation of a few moments had served to make me acquainted with these particulars, and to urge further my curiosity, excited, before now, by the accounts I had heard of the barbarities exercised on these occasions, more especially towards the women. My presence, however, had served to put an effectual stop to their proceedings, and I began to think that the ceremony would be deferred. Unwilling to lose such a favourable opportunity of gratifying my curiosity, I showed no disposition to retire, not even when three elderly men advanced towards me, and intimated, in a manner which there was no misunderstanding, their desire that I should do so. I was resolved, in short, unless they should have recourse to force, not to relinquish my position, and therefore made signs that they should proceed with their ceremony, which I had no wish to interrupt.

"Upon this they doggedly withdrew, and a vociferous consultation, accompanied with much savage gesticulation, ensued, in which the women bore a prominent part, smothering with their shrill unearthly screams the more deeply intonated cacophony of their lords and masters.

"I may remark here that motives of humanity had induced myself and the other gentlemen stationed in this district, to endeavour all we could to abolish the barbarous practice of burning the dead, which seems to hold its ground more tenaciously in these parts than anywhere else in the interior of the continent. On the north-western coast, indeed, it is still in vogue, but during my residence of five years in that quarter, it was gradually decreasing in frequency; and they had, to my knowledge, on several occasions adopted the European mode of burial. In Western Caledonia, too, to the great benefit of those concerned, the civilized mode of interment is gaining ground, for in 1835, out of eleven deaths which came under my notice, five bodies only were disposed of by burning; and in the two succeeding years three out of five were decently interred. It is here, as elsewhere, with the old people, rather than the younger generation, that most difficulty occurs when practices more congenial with the spirit of humanity are presented for their adoption. The former are most tenacious of their hereditary laws and customs, assigning, when urged for a reason, that they are too old to deviate from the path followed by their forefathers. In this, and many other respects, the Carriers are the most superstitious tribe of Indians I ever met with.

"But to revert from this digression, and proceed with my revolting narrative. The issue of the noisy consultation among the natives seemed to be favourable to the continuance of the ceremony. The doleful howlings, which my appearance had interrupted, recommended, and I was advised to keep a respectful distance, as the danger of too near approach was imminent. This, however, did not affect my resolution to remain, and I accordingly secured myself a favourable position for witnessing the proceedings.

"The near relations of the deceased now commenced erecting the funeral pyre. This was done by laying alternately transverse layers of the split wood before alluded to, till the pile attained the height of about four feet, being at the same time of a corresponding breadth, and more than six feet in length. On the top of the whole was placed the attenuated corpse to be consumed, on which were presently showered down offerings innumerable from the bystanders, in the shape of blankets, shirts, coats, and indeed property of every description, the whole intended as a holocaust, propitiatory of the wandering spirit.

"Meanwhile I had an opportunity of more narrowly observing the person and demeanour of the unfortunate widow, for whose sufferings now in prospect, every feeling of sympathy was excited in my mind. She was of youthful appearance, not more than eighteen years of age, and as far as I could judge through the disgusting focus with which her face was besmeared, comparatively handsome. Her youth, the sorrow, feigned or real, depicted in her features, and the air of resignation exhibited by her whole figure, prepossessed me warmly in her favour, and from my heart I exclaimed,—Alas! poor unfortunate, your troubles commence early in life: may they weigh lightly on you! She advanced, and took her place at the head of the pyre, there to await the progress of events.

"It was soon evident to me that every one stood on his guard, for it frequently happens on these occasions that the relations of the deceased revenge his death on some unfortunate being, suspected of being its cause; not by direct agency, but through the mystical power which they ascribe to the object of their suspicion, under the phrase, *being strong in medicine*. These mutual misgivings seemed to increase at the moment when the mother of the deceased advanced towards the pile with a lighted faggot. The screams and gesticulations of the savage crowd redoubled in energy, and all rushed to take, as it were, one parting look at the earthly

remains of their countryman. In an instant, the whole pile was in a blaze, and such was the sickening sensation it occasioned to me, that I was almost inclined to withdraw, with my curiosity only half satisfied.

"And now, as the flames flickered in fantastic shapes and ghastly colours over the blazing pyre, commenced the sufferings of the poor widowed victim. The husband's relations vied with each other in the infliction of their diabolical tortures, while those of the wife stood silently apart, stoically witnessing the whole scene of barbarity, nor once stretching out a hand to avert a single blow from the poor sufferer. It was with difficulty that I could restrain the ebullition of my feelings, but how much more did I require all my self-command when the poor wretch was flung violently among the flames. She fell backwards, singed and scorched, and only struggled forward into the cool air to be again and again subject to this exquisite torture, and ever at the instigation of her diabolical mother-in-law, who urged her party to the act. While this tragical scene was enacting, the poor wretch was upbraided by her tormentors with fifty imaginary offences against conubial propriety, which, I was afterwards informed, had not the slightest foundation in truth. At length, exhausted with the dreadful tortures to which she had been subjected, their victim fell prostrate and nearly lifeless on the grass, a low moaning sound being the only indication that the spirit had not already departed from its earthly tenement. I was congratulating myself that I had witnessed the last act of cruelty, when suddenly the demoniacal mother-in-law, raised to a perfect frenzy of excitement, seized an axe, and rushing like a fiend on the hapless object of her wrath, inflicted a serious wound on her shoulders. This sudden relapse of malice was more than I could bear, already in a state of feverish excitement from the protracted tortures I had witnessed. Springing forward, I wrested the weapon from the hands of the old woman, whom I flung violently aside. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that vengeance had been fully glutted; no further attempt was now made to injure the unfortunate widow, who lay senseless and bleeding beside the still blazing embers of the pyre.

"During the twenty minutes which had been thus fearfully occupied, the body was consumed to ashes. Howlings, screams, lamentations, had continued uninterrupted the while, but now every voice was hushed, and all but the nearest relations of the deceased had retired from the spot. These last sat silently eyeing the now dying embers, and when the fire was extinct, they collected the ashes and unconsumed fragments of bones, which they carefully wrapped up, and then one by one departed. The widow, helpless, exhausted, as she was, had been left alone on the ground the night through, but her sister humanely kept her company.

"By the laws of the Carriers, the widow is made to carry the ashes of her husband until the final inuring, and during this interval, sometimes of two or three years, she remains a slave to his nearest of kin. At her emancipation, when the ashes are disposed of, a grand feast is given, the materials of which are furnished by all the connexions of the deceased. This ceremony over, the widow is at liberty to enter the conubial state again should she so inclined; with the prospect of a repetition of her sufferings hanging in *terrorem* over her head, should it be her lot to undergo a second widowhood."

More revolting scenes than this we are unwilling to quote, such as the burying alive of a chief at his own desire, and the murder of his daughter by another chief, under circumstances which might lead some to find a parallel in the classic story of *Virginius*. But the penitence of the daughter and the anguish of the mother prevent any admiration of the cruel revenge, when there was opportunity for the nobler Christian virtues of forgiveness and love coming into play. To a less tragic scene we turn, and give the account of a thieving expedition which a chief under-

took one night, soon after a peaceful conference with a neighbouring tribe:—

"Three days afterwards the 'Red Feather' came to my tent. 'To-day I go for horses,' said he: 'the Blackfeet are unsuspecting; my young men have seen their camp; their horses are unwatched. The Black,' added he, alluding to one which had attracted my attention from the symmetry of its shape—'the Black must be mine at all risks.' Attended by two of his followers, he went off the same night, not as usual on horseback, but on foot, each of the party carrying a small supply of dried meat, and a tough *lasso* that sufficiently declared the nature of their mission."

While 'Red Feather' had gone on this errand, the free-trader is engaged in a grand buffalo hunt, of which a spirited description is given, and in the midst of which the Indian robbers return:—

"Suddenly a cloud of dust appeared on the horizon, in the direction of our preceding day's march. All eyes were strained to discover the cause. There were no buffalo in that quarter to account for the commotion; but all conjecture was soon put at rest: the peculiar cry with which the Indian jockeys urge on a band of horses, maddening them by some strange sympathy beyond conception, was heard from time to time, repeated with growing distinctness as the excited horses approached; a yell of welcome broke forth, when at length a numerous band became discoverable, driven by three mounted Indians, who were soon recognised as the 'Red Feather' and his two daring associates. As they drew near it might be seen that the horses were well-nigh exhausted; the foam, trickling down their quivering flanks, mingled with the accumulated dust, and completely disguised their exterior features. Anon they would slacken their pace, and seek momentary relief by snatching languidly at the tufts of grass around them; but the shrill and piercing whoop, whose strangely discordant modulation it were vain to endeavour to express, or even to imitate, would again set them off with redoubled energy, its strange unearthly sound seeming to act like enchantment upon the muscular frames of the animals, through its influence over the inward faculties. What the cause of this peculiar sympathy between man and beast may be, or what connexion between the cry in question and the extraordinary effect produced by it, is not in my power to determine; but the fact is too commonly known, and too well authenticated to admit of doubt. In this instance I was deeply struck by the singular infatuation of the poor jaded brutes. Weary to exhaustion, they yet seemed to rise superior to all bodily weakness, as soon as they heard the cry of their persecutors in the rear. On they rushed; death, destruction might be before them; fire, or a precipice, might intercept their path; but it seemed as if no obstacle could for a moment check their progress while under this strange spell.

"Arriving at the camp, the 'Red Feather' and his two associates dismounted at a bound, slipped the cords in an instant out of their horses' mouths, and turning them loose, uttered a loud *hew* of complacency, finishing with a hearty laugh at the success of their exploit. After their hunger had been appeased with a supply of boiled meat proportionate to their long fast, served to them in the principal lodge, the endless pipe was lighted, and they recounted the hazards they had undergone; to which, though one would have supposed some of the incidents not to be over agreeable, they invariably gave a ludicrous or jocund turn. Their delighted audience listened with infinite relish to the story of this adventure; the braves relating how they had overheard the luckless Blackfeet boasting in their camp, and chuckling over their fancied security. 'But,' said the 'Red Feather,' in conclusion, and in a tone of disappointment, 'the Black was left behind after all. I visited in one night almost every tent in the camp; for he was not lost with the band. I crept on my belly among the horses' feet, and sought and sought to no purpose. At length I found him. He was

tied, but not tethered with a picket: his master held the cord as he slept; the day was breaking, or I would have cut it.' Then, warming again with the remembrance of his successful foray, the chivalrous rogue declared that he would yet bestride the gallant black steed."

We quote one more incident, in which the comic and tragic are blended, and where, although a bear was the only victim, it was with difficulty that the effusion of much human blood was prevented:—

"Before departing, however, presents of furs were made to me by 'Sniggletrum,' and several of his principal men, which I caused to be transferred to the tent. Among other articles was one with which, under present circumstances, I would gladly have dispensed. This was nothing else than a young bear, alive, of the red-snouted species, well-known for the savageness of their disposition. When it was presented to me by 'Sniggletrum,' I was on the point of refusing it, but Baptiste privately whispered me that the bear was the family symbol of the chief, who would not relish any mark of disrespect shown towards it. Thus warned, I thought it best to accept the unwelcome gift, and to dispose of it subsequently as I best could. This ill-omened beast was in the end the cause of much trouble; and when I first saw it dragged forward by a long cord which compassed its neck and one fore-paw, I secretly wished it once more free in its native woods, or anywhere except in my unwilling possession. The perverse brute seemed little inclined to move in the direction required, but struggled and pulled back most strenuously, emitting cries harrowing in the extreme, resembling very nearly those of a young child, so pathetically modulated, that one could almost fancy the poor animal had sense approaching to that of humanity, and was supplicating the mercy of its tormentors. At length, to my momentary satisfaction, the knot gave way, and Bruin availed himself of the accident by making off with himself towards the trees. The tocsin, however, was sounded, and crowds upon crowds of savages set off in pursuit, and after a short chase succeeded in recapturing the runaway. But this was not done without much resistance, so that one tall fellow, of the family of Couthiro, another of the chiefs, had his hand severely lacerated by the teeth of the now infuriate animal. To revenge the injury, he seized an axe, and would have sacrificed the bear on the spot, had the bystanders not prevented him.

"For my own part I must acknowledge that I would willingly have seen an end put to further trouble, by this summary infliction of condign punishment, had it not been for the commotion which the very attempt to commit an action so degrading to their family pride at once created among the partisans of the bear. Knives and daggers gleamed forth in an instant, while muskets, and all the minor instruments of war, were hastily assumed by either party, and a collision seemed impending, likely to involve serious consequences. At this juncture, hoping by my interference to quiet the disturbance, and to allay for a time the virulent animosity of the two parties, the explosion of which had been brought on by a cause so trivial, I advanced with Baptiste, through means of whom I essayed the office of a mediator. The yells and shouts of several hundred voices, mingling in harsh dissonance, were gradually reduced to quiet by my appearance—so far, at least, that Baptiste's words could be heard; and after a while it was agreed between the rival parties to relinquish hostile measures, and to unite in rendering my stay among them agreeable.

"Meanwhile, the hapless cause of all this commotion, having been secured by a leathern cord, the end of which was fastened round the trunk of a tree, had turned about so often in his endeavours to escape, and so tightened the halter, as I may well call it, considering the catastrophe which it caused, as to strangle himself. I had wit enough to conceal my secret satisfaction, as the brute lay, half-suspended, his tongue lolling out, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his unclosed lips displaying

the grinning teeth which seemed only a too faithful caricature of the savage brawl we had just witnessed. His death, since it was evidently accidental, was looked upon without concern; and as there was nothing in the customs of the tribe to prevent the flesh being eaten, I had the carcass sent over to my men, who made a hearty meal of it. Shortly afterwards, I re-crossed the bridge, and ascended to my tent, where I partook of supper, which Bernard had prepared during my absence; and, having posted a couple of sentinels, to be relieved at intervals, slept in broken slumbers till morning."

The personal adventures of the author in his perilous employment will be read with much interest. The book is chiefly valuable as giving account of regions little known to the people of civilized lands, and presenting authentic traits of the savage life of the American Indians. The practical good to be expected from such a work is the dispelling of some of the sentimental regret with which we read of the encroachments of the whites on the native territories, and increasing our anxiety that the mild and humanizing influences of Christianity may attend the onward march of commerce and civilization. The perusal of such a story of savage life leads us to more earnest desire for the prosperity and success of Christian missions.

#### NOTICES.

*Memoir of Dr. Charles Webster, and of Dr. Alexander Webster.* By Grace Webster. Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox.

The two clergymen of whose lives this volume gives a history belonged to a family which has long been distinguished in the annals of the Scottish kirk. Dr. James Webster was one of the ministers of Edinburgh in the time of William III., and was a great pillar of Presbytery and Calvinism in the beginning of the eighteenth century. His daughter was the wife of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, one of the founders of the Secession Church, in the next generation, when the kirk was falling away from pristine orthodoxy. The mother of the Erskines was "a daughter of Halcro of Halcro in Orkney, a lineal descendant of Halcro, Prince of Denmark, and her great grandmother was Lady Barbara Stewart, who was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Orkney, son of James V." From these hints the reader may form some idea of the pedigree and cousinhood of this Scottish family, notices of which are given with due reverence by the biographer. Of the immediate subjects of the memoir the lives are narrated at greater length. Dr. Alexander Webster, minister of the High Church of Edinburgh, was originator and founder, in 1744, of the Scottish Clergy Widows' Fund, an institution which at the present time retains a flourishing prosperity. He lived till 1784, and was throughout his long career a leading man in works of piety and usefulness. Dr. Charles Webster belonged to a branch of the family of different religious and political views, being named after the Pretender, to whose interests his family were attached. He was born in 1750, and after studying both for the clerical and medical professions, and filling various important offices, he finally settled as minister of St. Peter's Episcopal Chapel in Edinburgh. He was physician to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and to his majesty's forces in the West Indies. The biographer is rather rambling in her way of telling the story, constant digressions being made, and sketches being given of the life and exploits of all whose names occur, however casually, in the narrative. Thus, on its being stated that Charles Webster was born in the house where Viscount Dundee died, a sketch of the character of "the gallant Graeme" is introduced. The writer is also very indiscriminate in her eulogies, the cruel Claverhouse and the pious Erskine being described with equal admiration. The book, though not of much merit as a literary production, will be read with interest, on account

of the many notices it contains of Scottish personages and events of the last century.

*A Hand-Book of Inorganic Chemistry for the Use of Students.* By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E. Third edition. Walton and Maberly.

SINCE the days of Black the University of Edinburgh has been one of the most distinguished schools of Chemistry, and its reputation is amply sustained by Professor Gregory. Under the title of 'Outlines of Inorganic Chemistry,' and 'Outlines of Organic Chemistry,' the heads of his public lectures were published; and in the present volume the first of these works is presented, in an improved and enlarged form, as a handbook for the general use of students. Avoiding minute details, the knowledge of which can only be acquired from larger treatises, and in the practical labour of the laboratory, Professor Gregory gives a concise and comprehensive summary of all that is most essential to be known in commencing the study of chemistry. The book is brought down in its information to the most recent discoveries and researches, and contains additional explanations and illustrations which increase its usefulness as an elementary manual. The introduction of a brief statement of the phenomena of liquefaction, vaporization, electricity, and of the properties of gases and vapours, is an improvement in the present edition, and render the work more complete and satisfactory as a text-book for students, as these subjects, though properly belonging to physics, have so direct and important bearing on chemistry. The diagrams and illustrations facilitate the intelligent study of the text. So much accurate scientific information is rarely compressed into a book of so convenient a size, nor does any obscurity accompany the brevity which the author has successfully laboured to attain.

*Temperance Memorials of the late Robert Kettle, Esq.; with a Memoir of his Life.* By the Rev. William Reid. Houlston and Stoneman.

Or the Scottish Temperance League Mr. Kettle was for many years the moving spirit, and as editor of 'The Temperance Journal,' and by other laborious services, did much to promote the good and beneficent cause. Of his personal character and public labours this volume gives an account, with a selection from his writings. He was a man of kindly feelings and active benevolence, and was actuated in his exertions by the purest and best motives. Whatever extravagances may be chargeable on the advocates of indiscriminate teetotalism, the temperance societies have been useful in drawing attention to the extent of the evils arising from the abuse of alcoholic drinks. No country in the world has greater need of reform in this respect than Scotland, which in religion and education otherwise occupies so high a place. Intemperance is there emphatically the national vice and curse, and is the hindrance to many social improvements. The labours of such men as Mr. Kettle deserve respectful consideration on grounds of patriotism as well as of general philanthropy. In pleading for this special form of morality, he did not, as many temperance advocates have done, neglect other branches of Christian benevolence, as was exhibited by his support of various institutions for the spiritual as well as temporal benefit of his countrymen. The memoir is that of a man who deserves a honourable place in the records of Christian philanthropy. Along with the moral arguments enforced in Mr. Kettle's writings, there are also many statistical facts worthy of attention in their connexion with political economy, as well as with the physical and moral welfare of individuals. Our perusal of the memoir has impressed us with high admiration of Mr. Kettle's character, and interested us in the cause to which he was so zealously devoted.

*A Gospel History of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* By Thomas Stephen, one of the Librarians of King's College. Dean and Son.

Mr. STEPHEN has drawn up his narrative with great care, and his book bears marks of diligent research as well as of patient industry. But there is a prominence given to certain ecclesiastical opinions

which impart an air of sectarianism to the work, and destroy the catholicity of feeling with which a life of Christ ought to be written. Mr. Stephen is a strong advocate of what is usually designated the sacramental system, to support which the narrative is in some places unduly adapted. Thus, in speaking of the Baptism at Jordan, a traditional prayer of the Saviour is given out of the Syriac Catena, on the third of St. Luke's gospel, said to have been recorded on the authority of a St. Philoxenus; and this document is cited and commented on along with the sacred records. Mr. Stephen speaks of the understanding being 'Sacramentally enlightened!' How different from Milton's grand invocation and prayer!

"And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer Before all temples the upright mind and pure, Instruct me—"

Where these and other ecclesiastical dogmas do not interfere, the narrative is clear and satisfactory. The 'Harmony of the Four Gospels,' by Mr. Mimprius, has been chiefly followed in the order of the history, that being based on Mr. Gresswell's 'Dissertations.'

*The Post Office London Directory for 1854.*

Kelly and Co.

THERE is nothing like competition for bringing about a reform and completeness of execution. Messrs. Kelly and Co. have been gradually improving their Directory year by year, but in no year has there been such a positive advancement as in this fifty-fifth annual publication. It is 300 pages thicker than last year, the pages are larger, making the book ponderous almost to a fault, and all occasioned by a multiplicity of alterations, pointed out to us by the publishers in a neatly written circular, but too numerous for insertion in our columns. Messrs. Kelly and Co. have been stimulated to this, it appears, by the publication of a rival Directory. Having maintained the Directorship of London for more than half a century, they have resolved, unlike the Corporation of London, to resist every attack from without by reforming themselves, and the result is that their credit and stability is confirmed to the fullest extent. We do not approve of the system adopted by them of publishing the blunders of their adversary. It is not customary for shopkeepers to exhibit tickets in their windows to the effect that there is "nothing genuine sold next door," still it must be admitted that they have worked boldly to keep their ground, and the volume before us far surpasses in bulk, weight, and completeness any that has appeared before. We never look upon this wonderful production without being reminded how perfectly practicable it would be to compile and print a classed catalogue of the library of the British Museum, and the longer it is deferred the greater will be the labour needed to accomplish it.

#### SUMMARY.

THE Russo-Turkish question continues to call forth many treatises, historical, descriptive, and political. Among publications of this class we may name, *Turkey, Past and Present*, translated from the French of Francisque Bouvet, late representative, by James Hutton, Esq. (Clarke, Beeton, and Co.). It is well to notice how the state of affairs in the East is regarded from a French point of view. Another French politician, Leouzon de Luc, late chargé de mission to the courts of Russia and Finland, has published a memoir on *The Russian Question, and the Crisis in the East* (Clarke, Beeton, and Co.), which is translated by Mr. Urquhart. M. de Luc's work contains an account of the Russo-Greek Church, of the state of the serfs, and other internal institutions of the empire, and personal sketches of Prince Menschikoff, whose name is now so much mixed up with public affairs. Menschikoff is the representative of the old Russian reactionary party, the incarnation of the barbaric principle, the violence of which is with difficulty restrained by the more cautious policy of Nesselrode, and the diplomatists of the Russo-Germanic party in the state. A prophetic view of the Turkish crisis is taken in a pamphlet

on *The Drying up of the Euphrates; or, the Downfall of Turkey*, by John Aiton, D.D., a Scottish clergyman, the author of an excellent book of Eastern travel, 'The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope.' Dr. Aiton is a man of originality and research, and writes in a plain and vigorous style. He considers that the attempts "to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman empire" are vain struggles against fate, and that the fall of the Turkish power is inevitable. Dr. Aiton thinks that the breaking up of the empire is not far distant, and advises that "when the general scramble begins for the several portions," England will do well to catch hold of Beyroot, and a number of other important places which he specifies. A British fleet, with Beyroot as its head-quarters, the only safe roadstead and important harbour between Alexandria and Scanderoon, would command the region of Damascus, of Tripoli, the rendezvous of travellers to Lebanon and Gabili, of Antioch, and the valley of the Orontes, along which a railroad to the valley of the Euphrates is projected, of Scanderoon, of the port of Aleppo, and of the passes leading to Nineveh, Bagdad, and Babylon. Egypt, and the highways to the East, must at all hazards be kept within the power of England.

On the subject of *Medical Reform* (Partridge and Oakey), a plan for a National Institute of Medicine is proposed by a writer under the title of 'Azygos,' an appellation which we suppose is intended to convey the idea of freedom from the yoke of prejudice or partiality, but which the author, had he been a better scholar, would have known as implying singularity. As an anatomist, he might have remembered the application of 'Azygos,' as meaning "without a fellow." But we must not pursue this vein of verbal criticism. The proposal of the pamphlet is, that instead of detached republics as at present, corporate bodies at London, corporate bodies at Dublin, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Oxford, Cambridge, Aberdeen, and other places, without any confederacy, there should be a great central institute, with well-defined and legally secured privileges and powers. The details of the plan we refer to the consideration of those interested in the apparently hopeless scheme of a general medical reform. The *Curriculum of Study of the Medical College of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road* (S. Highley), contains the programme of the lectures and instructions in the new medical school, opened this month, in connexion with one of the most important and useful of our metropolitan hospitals. In the Free Hospital great advantages of study will be obtained, and among the lecturers are some names of good professional and scientific reputation.

Under the title of *Tracings; or, Outlines of Follies of the Day*, by Trevelyn Turnham, Esq. (Hope and Co.), the writer gives in a light, playful style, an account of some of the chief hobby-horses which are ridden in our time. The subjects are numerous, and the remarks display much smartness and some shrewdness. In the style there is crudeness, but the book will afford matter of thought as well as of amusement.

In the 'Traveller's Library' (Longman and Co.) is reprinted 'The Doctor' of Southee, *A Love Story; or, the History of the Courtship and Marriage of Dr. Dove of Doncaster*, edited by J. W. Warner, B.D. Fragmentary and unfinished as the story is, it is one of much beauty and interest, and bears transplantation from the work where it appeared, and where it received the notice of comparatively few.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Abbott's (Jacob) *William the Conqueror*, feap. Svo, 1s. 6d. — Alexander the Great, feap. Svo, cloth, 1s. 6d. Altar of the Household, 4to, cloth, 15s.; gilt, 16s. Arnold's School Classics—*Tacitus*, Part 2, 12mo, cloth, 5s. — *Second Hebrew Book*, 12mo, cloth, 9s. Autobiography of Elizabeth Squirrell, feap. Svo, cloth, 4s. Bell's (Professor) *British Halk-Eyed Crustacean*, Svo, £1 5s. Bohn's Classical Library—*Apuleius*, post Svo, cloth, 5s. — Ecclesiastical Library—*Socrates' History*, post Svo, 5s. — Standard Library—Cowper's Works, Vol. 1, 3s. 6d. Charlotte Elizabeth's Tales and Illustrations, new ed., 3s. 6d. Concanen's Matrimonial Ladder, Illustrated, 12s.; colrd, 16s. Cooper (Mrs.) Sketch of the Life of, feap. Svo, cloth, 4s.

Cumming's (Dr. J.) *Benediction*, 12mo, cloth, 7s. — *Finger of God*, 12mo, new edition, 2s. 6d. D'Israeli's *Young Duke*, feap. Svo, boards, 1s. 6d. Eastman's (Mrs.) *American Aboriginal Portfolio*, £1 10s. Encyclopaedia Britannica, 8th edition, Vol. 3, 4to, cloth, £1 4s. — sewed, Part 3, 8s. Engel's (C.) *Pianist's Handbook*, Svo, cloth, 10s. 6d. Free Thoughts on Natural and Revealed Religion, 2s. Globus Prepared for Man, 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d. Haldane (R.) on *Inpiration*, 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d. Humphrey's *Coinage, &c.*, 4to, gilt, £1 1s.; carved, £1 4s. Joseph's (Rev. H. S.) *Memoirs of Convicted Prisoners*, 4s. Lardner's *Handbook of Natural Philosophy*, 3rd Course, 16s. 6d. Leigh's (S.) *Life* by Rev. A. Strachan, 12mo, cloth, 5s. Marryat's *Mission*, feap. Svo, cloth, 5s. National Illustrated Library, Vol. 33—Selborne, 2s. 6d. Nicols's *Mineralogy*, post Svo, cloth, reduced, 6s. Niebuhr's *Lectures on Ancient Ethnography, &c.*, 2 v., £1 1s. Norton's (Mrs.) *Undying One*, post Svo, cloth, 2s. 6d. Oliphant's *Russian Shores of the Black Sea* in 1852, 14s. Protestant Endurance, feap. Svo, cloth, 3s. 6d. Schlesinger's *Saunterings and about London*, 2s. 6d. Stenhouse's (The Misses) *Letters of the Madai*, 3s. 6d. Turk (The) and the Hebrew, post Svo, cloth, 10s. 6d. Unger's (Dr. F.) *Botanical Letters*, post Svo, sewed, 5s. Upman's *Principles of the Interior or Hidden Life*, 3s. 6d. Voyage and Venture, 2nd edition, feap. Svo, cloth, 3s. 6d. Wallace's (A. R.) *Palm Trees of the Amazon*, post Svo, 10s. 6d. Willis's *Health Trip to the Tropics*, 10s. 6d.

## LIVERPOOL LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

IN these days of corporate reform it will be interesting to our readers to have an account of the first year's result of the experiment of a municipal library and museum in the town of Liverpool. The following is the Report of the Committee read last week.

"The Library and Museum Committee consider it desirable at the close of the municipal year that the Council should be presented with a summary of the proceedings and progress of the Institution to the present time. Twelve months have now elapsed since the Library was first thrown open to the public. At that time, although sanguine hopes were entertained of its success by those who had been most active in its establishment, yet it could only be looked upon in the light of an experiment; the machinery called into action was new, the extent of the demand for it uncertain, and failure was regarded by many as at least possible if not probable.

"The experience of a year has thrown much light on the various aspects in which the Institution may be viewed—on the extent to which such an establishment was called for by the public of Liverpool—on the description of books chiefly in demand—on the class of persons by whom the Library is principally frequented—on the mode in which its beneficial effects are found to operate—and on the amount of encouragement presented for the enlargement of its means and the extension of its field of operation. On all these points much valuable information has been obtained during the year, and probably the statistics of the twelve months cannot be better arranged than in the order just enumerated.

"The Library was opened on the 18th of October, 1852. From that period to the same date of the present year there have been issued to readers the number of 111,723 volumes; in addition to which there have been 16,960 readers of periodical publications which are left lying on the table, making a total of works perused of 128,683. The average number of books issued per diem is 394, and of readers of periodicals 80. Assuming the average number of books in the Library during the year to have been 10,000, which is near the truth, the numbers issued are equivalent to every book in the Library having been read thirteen times over during that time. Gratifying as the result must be, it does not fairly represent the demand for the advantages of the Library. The utmost number which the present rooms can accommodate at one time, even with inconvenient crowding, is 140 to 160 persons. In the evening, which is of course the principal time for readers, the rooms are always filled, frequently crowded to a most inconvenient extent. The discomfort arising from this source, and from the stifling atmosphere which the frequenters of the rooms have to submit to in consequence, is a sufficient evidence of the avidity with which the in-

habitants avail themselves of the advantages of the Institution.

"To supply this constantly growing demand the operations of the Committee have been as under.

"At the commencement of the year the number of volumes in the Library amounted to 8296, besides 1200 duplicate volumes and 490 parts of Parliamentary papers, and exclusive of about 1000 volumes of old and imperfect works and duplicates. To these there have been added during the year 3960 volumes, of which 700 volumes and 40 pamphlets have been donations, and 3220 volumes by purchase.

"A valuable collection of maps and charts has also been added, fitted with a roller and case for reference. Care has been taken to procure the best which could be obtained.

"The number of volumes now in the Library, including the Parliamentary Papers, amounts to 13,456, which are classified as under:—

	Vols.
Theology, Morality, and Metaphysics.....	770
Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, &c.	484
Natural History, Botany, Mineralogy, &c.	482
Science and the Arts, Architecture, Painting, Music, &c.	440
History and Biography.....	1877
Topography and Antiquities.....	584
Geography, Voyages, and Travels.....	906
Miscellaneous Literature.....	2339
Jurisprudence, Law, and Politics.....	2791
Commerce and Political Economy.....	80
Education, Rhetoric, Logic, and Language.....	131
Poetry and Dramatic Literature.....	721
Novels and Romances.....	1296
Classical Literature.....	53
Encyclopedias, Gazetteers, Heraldry, and Books of Reference.....	409
Total.....	13,456

"The expenditure in the purchase of books for the Reference Library during the year has been 1060L 9s. 7d., of which 303L 11s. 2d. was the balance of the original fund subscribed, and 756L 18s. 5d., the amount expended out of the sum of 1000L voted by the council.

"The following summary of the books issued during the year will show the proportion of the demand for the various classes of literature:—

Classification of Books read.	The number of times the different classes of Books (taken as a whole) have been read, is about:—
Theology, Metaphysics, &c.....	6 times.
Natural Philosophy.....	8 "
Natural History.....	5 "
Science and the Arts.....	2908 7 "
History and Biography.....	13369 8 "
Topography and Antiquities.....	1848 4 "
Geography, Voyages, and Travels.....	7433 8 "
Miscellaneous Literature.....	10208 5 "
Law, Politics, &c.....	739 1/2 "
Commerce and Political Economy.....	394 6 "
Education, Logic, Language, &c.....	1018 9 "
Poetry and the Drama.....	5770 9 "
Novels.....	56224 62 "
Classical Literature.....	291 6 "
Encyclopedias, Gazetteers, Heraldry, &c.....	2070 6 "
Total.....	111,723

"It will be seen from the above table that works of amusement form about one-half of all the books read. Far from regretting this result, the Committee feel it their duty to render this portion of the Library more attractive still, being of opinion that the love of reading in any form must tend to counteract the propensity to low and degrading pursuits, and that in order to inspire a thirst for knowledge, the first step is to cultivate a taste for reading in some direction. History, general literature, voyages and travels, and poetry, have been next in demand. The number of theological and philosophical works consulted being about eighty per week, or 4071 during the year, is somewhat remarkable, and indicates a higher class of general reading than might at first sight be expected.

"The individuals frequenting the Library do not belong to any class of society in particular. A large proportion belong to the operative classes, and of these again many are youths in their apprenticeship. The advantage to these which the Library presents it would be difficult to over-

estimate, and the effect is beginning already to tell in a marked manner upon their conduct.

" For some time after the opening of the Library, before the system of its organisation was fully understood, a slight degree of disorder and irregularity was perceptible. Individuals came direct from their occupations, with unwashed hands and negligent attire. To leave no excuse for this conduct, the Committee provided lavatories, which were for a time useful, and answered their purpose. The necessity for them has now almost entirely passed away. The frequenters of the Library having become fully aware that the regulations are calculated to promote the comfort of the readers, cheerfully and cordially co-operate with the officers to this end. In the most crowded state of the rooms the utmost order and silence are preserved. No instance of wilful defacement or injury to any book has occurred. Two small volumes of trifling value have alone been abstracted, which, out of an issue of 128,000, may be looked upon as a remarkable and pleasing fact.

" The Committee cannot but feel that the results of the past year give every encouragement both to increase the resources of the library already opened, and to extend the field of usefulness collaterally as far as practicable. Out of the duplicate and imperfect copies of works in stock, 400 volumes have been granted to assist in forming a library in the Borough Gaol, under the management of the chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Carter; and 600 volumes have been presented to the juvenile libraries at the North and South Corporation Schools.

" In the report at the commencement of the year, the Committee expressed their desire to establish at the earliest possible period one or more lending libraries. This has now been successfully accomplished. Two libraries have been prepared, one at the North and the other at the South Corporation School, which will be opened two evenings in the week for the issue of books, under proper regulations. Each of these libraries contains at present 1000 volumes. A portion of these are duplicates from the Central Library. The remainder have been purchased at an expenditure of about £200.

" The Museum of Natural History, presented to the town by the Earl of Derby, was opened to the public on the 8th of March. Since that time it has been visited by 157,861 persons, being an average of 4933 per week.

" The Museum also contains the model of Liverpool, and the cases of imports which appeared in the Great Exhibition of 1851. The latter have been recently re-arranged. Many donations have been presented during the year, the principal of which is a series of fossil casts from India, presented by the Hon. East India Company.

" The satisfactory development of both the Museum and Library is materially retarded by the insufficiency of the building in which they are contained. Happily, the Council have determined that this shall no longer be the case.

" The site on the north side of Shaw's Brow, voted unanimously at the last meeting of the Council, will meet every requirement on the score of situation and capacity, whilst the grant of 10,000*l.* in aid of the building, voted at the same Council, united to the donation of 6000*l.* by Mr. W. Brown, M.P., for the Library Building, will enable the Committee for next year to proceed vigorously with their preparations for the erection.

" The Committee cannot close their report without a more direct allusion to Mr. Brown's noble gift. It is alike worthy of the donor and the object—it is an omen of future progress and success. It is sincerely to be hoped that he may live to see the completion and success of the Institution towards which he has so largely contributed; and that his example may stimulate all who desire to see the progress of our community in all which should adorn and dignify humanity, if not to rival his munificence, at least, to lend a helping hand towards the furtherance of an object which is emphatically for the benefit of all.

" Signed on behalf of the Committee,  
" J. A. PICTON, Chairman.

" October 26th, 1853."

We are glad to find, by the daily papers of yesterday, that the London Corporation are entertaining a similar establishment in the city. At the meeting of Thursday a Report was agreed to on the subject, concluding with the following recommendation:—

" And it appears to us desirable that measures should be adopted, under the authority of the Court of Common Council, to apply to Parliament, authorizing the establishment of a free library and free circulating library and museum, and that previous thereto the Lord Mayor should be requested to convene a public meeting of the merchants, bankers, and other inhabitants of the city, to procure their aid and support to such an undertaking."

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

A CROWDED meeting assembled yesterday in Willis's Rooms, Sir Roderick Murchison in the chair, to testify their sympathy in the loss of Lieut. Bellot, and to subscribe for a monument to his memory. The first resolution was to the effect that a monument be erected in some place in the immediate vicinity of Greenwich Hospital. It was proposed by the First Lord of the Admiralty, and seconded by Sir Edward Parry. Sir James Graham spoke with great feeling of the gallantry and noble spirit of the deceased French officer, and presented a touching picture of the circumstances under which he lost his life. Capt. Parry spoke more particularly of the kind and generous-hearted disposition of Lieut. Bellot, and exhibited to the meeting an interesting relic which he had presented to him,—a piece of one of his boats of the *Fury*, picked up by Lieut. Bellot, on the spot where that vessel had been thirty years ago wrecked. Capt. Parry referred with pride to the fact of the northwest passage having been all but effected by Capt. M'Clure, and with great interest to the circumstance of the *Investigator*, which entered from the Pacific Ocean, being arrested within sixty miles of the spot where he had himself been arrested thirty years before in the *Hecla*, which entered from the Atlantic; and each in acknowledgment of the divine goodness that watched over them in the hour of peril, had named the localities respectively Mercy Bay and Providence Point. We had not time to hear more.

On the important and much discussed subject of the decimal coinage some practical and valuable proposals have been published in a pamphlet by A. Milward, Esq. (G. Bell.) Mr. Milward advocates as a preliminary step the issue of a five-farthings piece, by the circulation of which the people will be habituated to reckon in farthings instead of in pence. When this piece, by whatever name called, has been some time in use, a proclamation should be issued, declaring that on and after a certain day the existing farthings should pass for the thousandth of a pound; this reduction of four per cent. in the lowest coin being the only actual change in our present currency. The declaration most easily understood would be that 100 farthings = 1 florin, 50 farthings = 1 shilling, the florin and shilling remaining as now.

The cardinal coins, or moneys of account, would be four only, the sovereign, the florin, the hundredth (cents,) and the thousandth of a pound (mils.) Ordinary book-keeping accounts might be best kept in three columns, pounds, florins, and thousandths. On the general advantages of the decimal system Mr. Milward has many ingenious and judicious remarks, and the advantages both to government and to individuals are pointed out. He examines the various difficulties that have been urged, and meets most of them satisfactorily. On certain points on which greatest objection has been made, as in the scale of postage charges now established, we quite agree with Mr. Milward, in thinking that a slight increase would be desirable, and would not be received with dissatisfaction. The question is between the loss of 100,000*l.* of revenue, or by a minute increase in the price of the stamp, to raise a revenue of 300,000*l.* or 400,000*l.* If the stamps from inland letters were sold for five-thousandths instead of four-thousandths, the cost of each letter being

raised only eight-tenths of a farthing, the clear gain to the existing revenue would amount to 360,000*l.* With the exception of some other departments of the public service, the only other plausible objection to the gradual abolition of the penny, is that the poor would be charged five farthings for what now they get for four. The risk of this is greatly exaggerated, and the price of articles may be safely left to the competition of commerce and trade, in the arrangements of which the mass of customers will find their interests not endangered. We cannot afford space to enter into the details of Mr. Milward's able pamphlet, but he establishes the desirability of issuing a coin which will gradually accustom the people to reckon in farthings (supposing farthings to be reckoned as thousandths of a pound) or other decimal coin, and he also shows that the currency proposed by him would involve little trouble and expense at the mint, and might be made the means of raising a large and easily collected additional revenue. The remarks on the coinage of various foreign countries, and their ready employment by the people, form a prominent and useful feature in Mr. Milward's pamphlet.

On Monday the Irish Industrial Exhibition was closed with some ceremony by the Lord Lieutenant. The proceedings were similar to what took place at the opening in May. There were about twenty-two thousand persons assembled in the building. After the National Anthem, and the hearty plaudits of the people on the entrance of the Lord and Lady Lieutenant, the programme of the musical performance was followed, commencing, as at the inauguration, with the 100th psalm, organ and orchestra, arranged by Robinson. Handel's *Hallelujah* Chorus was also given with grand effect. The honour of knighthood was conferred on Cusack Patrick Roney, the Secretary of the Exhibition. Mr. Dargan, to whom it is understood that higher honours have been unavailingly offered, was hailed with acclamation, His Excellency proposing the cheers with which the meeting testified their grateful admiration of his services. After a brief and appropriate speech, the Lord Lieutenant declared the Exhibition closed, and the assemblage dispersed, the National Anthem again having been performed by the organ and orchestra, accompanied by the military bands. Thus closed the great Exhibition of Dublin, the success of which is full of promise for the future industrial progress of Ireland. Had there been no other issue of the undertaking, the increased interest excited in the condition of Ireland, and the influx of so many English visitors, will lead to results that will compensate the patriotic promoters of the Exhibition for their zealous and unwearyed labours.

In the course of some excavations recently made in one of the Danish isles, there were discovered the remains of a leather bag containing 250 silver pieces, and some strange collars and bracelets. Some of the pieces contain on one side the bust of a man, with the inscription, "Adelred R. Anglo," on the other side a cross, and some letters which cannot be made out: others are Byzantine pieces, and others bear a bishop's mitre, and inscriptions in Latin. It is supposed that the coins were secreted in the ground so far back as eight or nine hundred years.—In Bohemia several silver medals have just been found: they bear the name of Duke Vatislav I., who was the father of Saint Venceslas, and who flourished between 900 and 925. These coins are the oldest that have yet been discovered in Bohemia.

The Chinese insurgents have prepared a new Almanac. Amongst other things, it excludes the demonology and astrologic superstition which overload other almanacs, especially those brought out in the interest of the reigning dynasty; it makes the year begin on the 7th instead of the 4th of February; it orders the observance of one day in the week as a Sabbath, but abolishes all other holidays; it solemnly adjures the people to be faithful to the insurgent cause, and to be brave in its defence; it proclaims that Tai Ping is sent on earth by God to do God's work; it records the titles,

qualities, and duties of his principal chiefs,—one of them is designated “the prince who implores heaven for the unfortunate;” and, finally, it divides the year into twelve months, each month being alternately either thirty or thirty-one days.

The ninth course of lectures to young men, under the direction of the ‘Young Men’s Christian Association,’ commences at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 15th November, with a discourse by Sir James Stephen, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. Among the lecturers are several names distinguished in science and literature: Hugh Miller, Esq., on ‘Geology;’ the Rev. A. P. Stanley, the biographer of Arnold, on ‘Modern History;’ the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Head Master of Harrow, on ‘Passages from the Life of Cicero;’ the Rev. Dr. Cumming, on ‘Signs of the Times;’ the Rev. Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh, on the ‘Theory of Christian Ethics;’ the Rev. T. Binney, on ‘Authorship;’ and others on subjects appropriate to the audiences assembled on these occasions.

The municipality of Strasburg has come into possession of estates producing upwards of 2000l. a year, under the condition that the whole of the revenue shall be employed in encouraging the drama and music in the town. The money has been left by a M. Appfell, of Wissenburg. The municipality is to be the sole judge of the precise manner in which the liberal bequest is to be disbursed.

Mr. Hogarth has forwarded to us specimens of two coloured prints, from drawings by Turner, executed by the chromatic process of Messrs. Leighton Brothers, which we may speak of as being triumphs of the lithographic art. They are called respectively *Grouse Shooting* and *Woodcock Shooting*, and are certainly wonderful fac-similes of those eminent works of this great master of colour. They are of large size, suitable for framing, and may be regarded as a pair of the most highly artistic sporting prints that have been produced.

The French newspapers say that Horace Vernet has discovered that the preparation of colours with olive oil is not only more convenient in many respects than the oil preparations generally employed, but makes paintings better and more durable.

About three weeks since, some hermetically sealed glass bottles, found on the shores of Siberia, were sent to this country by the Russian Government, on the application of the Admiralty, under an impression that they may have belonged to Sir John Franklin. They have been examined at Lloyd’s during the past week, and have been recognised as being in common use among the Norwegian fishermen in the sea of Kara for buoying their nets.

Mr. Swainson, the zoologist, who has been located for several years past at Wellington, New Zealand, has received the appointment of Colonial Surveyor of Timber in Australia, and resides, we believe, at Melbourne.

The second of the Wednesday Evening Concerts at Exeter Hall passed off with continued success, under the conduct of Mr. Benedict. The overture and a selection of pieces from the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, were finely given, the vocal solos being taken by Misses Birch and Poole. Mendelssohn’s overture to *Ruy Blas* closed the first part of the programme. In the miscellaneous music of the second part Herr Meyer Lutz wielded the baton, and acquitted himself with ability and tact as conductor. Pianoforte concertos performed by Mdlle. Coulon, vocal airs by Miss Poole, Mdlle. Norie, Mr. Augustus Braham, a madrigal by the chorus, and a flute and clarinet duet, by Richardson and Lazarus, were among the popular pieces of this part of the concert. The war march of the Levites, from Mendelssohn’s *Athalie*, brought the performances to a close. Mdlle. Clauss is announced to perform at the next concert. Miss Terman, a new soprano singer, made a favourable *début* in Dr. Arne’s old melody, ‘Where the bee sucks.’ Mdlle. Norie sustained the high expectation formed by her first appearance last week,

her contralto voice, with further training and practice, being capable of fine effects.

The English Glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of Mrs. Endersohn, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips, have been giving concerts this week at Edinburgh. The arrangements for the Italian Opera in the northern capital are being completed, and the scheme has met with encouraging support.

The season of the Sacred Harmonic Society commences next Friday. The Harmonic Union is to open its season with the performance of Handel’s *Messiah* on the 28th instant. Madame Viardot Garcia is announced to appear.

Our items of musical intelligence from the Continent this week are not without interest, though not of striking importance.

At Paris, Levasseur, who for many years has been one of the principal singers of the Grand Opéra, has taken his retiring benefit. The Opéra Comique, in the same city, entertains fears that it will not be able to bring out Meyerbeer’s *Northern Star* so soon as it had expected, owing to the superior authorities being of opinion that the Russian scene in which it is laid, and the Russian personages who act in it, are not quite *à propos* to the present political situation. The new director of the Italian Theatre at Paris is preparing actively for the approaching season; and he is, as new directors always are, buoyant with hope of triumphant success. In presence, however, of the marked indifference displayed by the Parisians of late years for Italian music, and of the enormous salaries he is to pay—Alboni alone is to have not less than 80l. a-night—serious doubts are entertained that his expectations will be realized. There is an *on dit* that Mdlle. Cruvelli is to be engaged at the Paris Grand Opéra. Verdi, the Italian composer, has arrived in that city to superintend the getting up of one of his works at that theatre. Offenbach, the *chef* of the orchestra of the Théâtre Français, and a violoncellist of some note, has brought out a little comic opera at the Variétés Theatre: it contains some tolerably pretty *moreau*, but nothing to indicate that its author possesses the *ris* which is required to make a respectable composer. Zimmermann, a musician of high standing, and a professor at the Military Gymnase, has just died in Paris. From Madrid we learn that a French comic opera *troupe* is performing in that city; but, it appears, with no great success. The worthy Madrid people, in fact, have, it seems, been completely disappointed in their view of the French Opéra Comique:—relying on the name, they fancied that it would set them roaring with laughter; but instead of that, they found that *La Dame Blanche* and *Les Mousquetaires* were not funny at all; and they openly declared that their own comic opera as far exceeded that of the French in quality as it did in its power of amusing. A letter from the Hague informs us that the Dutch Society for the Encouragement of Musical Art is to hold its twenty-fifth anniversary meeting in July next. A *salle*, capable of holding 25,000 persons, is to be built for the occasion; and musical performances, by not fewer than 800 instruments and chorists, are to take place.

A memorial to the late John Blewitt, the musical composer, is projected by his friends, as a mark of admiration of his character and appreciation of his genius. The committee propose to hand over the surplus funds, after providing a simple tablet or other monumental record, to Mr. Blewitt’s family. Mr. Foster, of the Old Jerusalem Tavern, St. John’s Gate, Clerkenwell, is treasurer for the memorial.

William Richard Bexfield, Mus. Doc. Cantab., died on the 29th ult., in his 29th year. Dr. Bexfield is chiefly known to the musical public by his oratorio, *Israel Restored*, performed last year with much promise at the Festival at Norwich. We spoke of it at the time (‘L. G.’, 1852, p. 750) as developing sound taste and great musical knowledge.

Dupont, a French dancer and ballet composer of great note, in the first quarter of the present century, has just died. He passed many years in Russia, where he was highly esteemed.

The French Emperor has given 80l. to the fund for erecting a monument to Weber.

The Lyceum was re-opened on Monday, with a sort of pantomime entertainment, in which Mr. Wright, from the Princess’s, makes his appearance in the pit as one of the public, and is accused from the stage of hissing the performance. An engagement is offered to him on the spot, and he climbs over the orchestra and joins the company. All this is witty and amusing, and is capitally acted; but as soon as the transformations begin, and Mr. Wright adopts a sort of Adelphi costume, and indulges *ad libitum* in Adelphi jokes and winks, and talks a great deal of pointless nonsense, a shower of hisses, not levelled so much at Mr. Wright as at the management, was the unwelcome result. The tricks consisted of evolutions with a kind of astrologer’s gown, a flattening of hats, and a kicking of bandboxes. The management of this elegant theatre have apparently made a mistake; we will not, however, prejudge of the experiment until we have seen Mr. Wright in a play of legitimate action. The new piece mentioned by us last week as being announced at the Princess’s, is a high-class version of *The Discarded Son*, which is being performed with success at the Adelphi. It is well acted, and handsomely put upon the stage.

The theatrical week in Paris has been very barren:—only one novelty need be mentioned, the *Pour et Contre*, a *proverbe* by Octave Feuillet, at the Gymnase. What the French call *proverbes* have not yet made their way to England; they are mere dramatic sketches of the flimsiest possible materials, and are played by only two or three persons; but are not without great literary smartness, and require no little elegant tact from the performers. Alfred de Musset was the first who produced such things, and he had not the slightest idea of having them acted. His *proverbes* were printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and, though greatly admired, nobody thought of bringing them out on the stage. At St. Petersburg, however, one of them was got up by Madame Allan, and it obtained great favour. On her return to France she appeared in it, and this led to the whole series being brought out. Of course Musset immediately had scores of imitators, but the only one who at all approached him was M. Feuillet.

#### PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

LINNEAN.—Nov. 1st.—Thomas Bell, Esq., President, in the chair. A large number of Fellows assembled on this occasion to welcome the opening of the session under the presidency of Professor Bell. Cuthbert Collingwood, Esq., M.A., was elected a Fellow of the Society. Three gentlemen were proposed as candidates for the Fellowship. A considerable portion of the evening was occupied in announcing the donations of books, &c., that had accumulated during the recess. Among the plants presented to the Society were specimens of nearly 250 species from Western Australia, chiefly collected in the neighbourhood of Swan River and King George’s Sound, by Messrs. Drummond and Gilbert; presented by W. W. Saunders, Esq. A collection of about 340 species of Lichens, Hepaticæ, Mosses, and Fungi, formed by Mr. H. W. Ravenal of Aiken, South Carolina, and presented by him. Specimens of about 60 species of British Mosses, presented by Mr. F. Y. Brocas. Pod of a specimen of *Gleditschia*, gathered at Rome, and presented by Swynfen Jervis, Esq. Specimen, in pickle, of *Amomum*, from Liberia, presented by Daniel Hanbury, jun., Esq. Fruits of the *Cydonia Japonica* and of *Juglans nigra*, from the nursery of Messrs. Pamplin and Son, presented by Mr. W. Pamplin.

Mr. Stevens exhibited living plants of *Stangeria paradoxa*, recently sent from Natal by Mr. Plant. Mr. T. Moore exhibited the male and female cones of *Stangeria paradoxa*, from Natal, together with a remarkable morphological specimen, from the garden of the Rev. T. Wharton, of Jamaica, of a rose

having the petals, stamens, and pistil all converted into simple serrated leaves. The following communications were made:—

1. 'On the Inflorescence of *Cycas revoluta* and *Macrozamia spiralis*, illustrated by specimens produced in his stove at Lauderdale House,' by J. Yates, Esq., F.R.S. *Cycas revoluta*.—Miquel, of Amsterdam, to whom we now look for the best systematic arrangement and description of Cycads, remarks "that male specimens are rarer in Europe than female." "Specimina culta," says he, "omnia fere feminæ masculinum in Horto Petropolitano ex stat, ubi bis floruit" (Otto u. Dietr. Carlenz vii., 1839, p. 24; see his 'Monographia Cycadearum,' 1842, folio, p. 24; and his 'Genera et Species Cycadearum viventium,' in the Linnaea, for 1843, p. 633.) This observation is certainly true in regard to Great Britain, since the first example of the female at Farnham, described by Sir J. E. Smith in the 'Linnean Transactions,' vol. vi., not less than six other plants have borne fruit, and some of them two or three times—viz., at Chatsworth, Ravensworth Castle, Laurel Mount, and Knowsley, near Liverpool, Kew, and Lauderdale House, Highgate. The plant last attended to (Mr. J. Yates) flowered in 1845, and subsequently produced four magnificent crowns of leaves, the finest of them consisting of fifty-three leaves. In October, 1852, the first appearance of another cone was indicated by scales, covered with their soft yellow tomentum, but it remained long doubtful whether this would turn out to be another crown of leaves, or a head of fruit bearing fronds. In April last the question was determined, as the peculiar palmate fronds were clearly seen, and were closely folded over one another, having the form of a somewhat flattened spheroid, and the size of a moderately large melon. In May these fronds, or spadices, increased rapidly and vigorously. They expanded and remained open three days, so that the young drupes, also covered with down, and nearly the size and form of horsebeans, were easily discernible. They then closed again, and the whole spheroid became as compact and solid as before. It was conjectured that this temporary disclosure of the drupes, supposing it to be the habit of the plant, might be a provision for their fecundation, admitting of the access of the pollen. The fronds, which are crimson, shaded by their thin covering of yellow down, are now spread in all directions, and have attained their full development, except that the drupes, perhaps in consequence of the cold, wet, and dull season, fell without having come to perfection. It is also to be observed that these fronds, about 100 in number, are closely set, and spirally arranged upon a very short axis. The distance between them and the fronds of 1845 is about 8 inches, or 20 centimetres, showing an elongation of the trunk of 1 inch for each year. Miquel mentions only one male plant—viz., that at St. Petersburg; and in this country it cannot be ascertained that more than two males have produced cones—to wit, those in the Botanic Garden at Sheffield, and that belonging to Henry Ricketts, Esq., at the Grove, Brislington, near Bristol. The Sheffield plant has now flowered thrice. Its first cone produced in England is preserved in the Museum at York; its second belongs to the Royal Botanic Society in the Regent's Park; its third appeared this year, and that it might be suitably displayed, the whole plant was transplanted to York last summer, and was there publicly exhibited. It is now taken back to Sheffield. It appears that this male was purchased by the late Earl of Derby, formerly President of the Geological Society, about A.D. 1825, together with the female already noticed, which is a noble specimen, still preserved at Knowsley, and which bore fruit in 1850. The Brislington specimen has been in the possession of its present owner about half a century, and may be between fifty and sixty years old. In 1847 it raised a cone or spike 58 c. (i. e. 23 in.) long, which is agreeable to the ordinary size and form of this production, and now it has raised a second, but, with a remarkable anomaly in its development, this is not half the length of its predecessor, and, instead of being drawn to a

point, is curtailed, and terminates abruptly in a tuft of barren scales, resembling those which, as intimated above, always precede the rise either of a crown of leaves, or of a fruit-bearing cone. A check in the development of the cone appears to have been sustained, preventing the further prolongation of its axis, and at the same time causing its scales to be no longer dilated and antheriferous.

*Macrozamia spiralis*.—The author exhibited a small but perfect specimen of the cone of a male plant, which he lately imported from Sydney. This is probably the first time that a Macrozamia has produced a cone in this country. Together with the recent cone, Mr. Yates showed also two old specimens, which had been sent with the living plant, by W. S. M'Leary, Esq., F.L.S., and which that gentleman obtained near his own residence at Elizabeth Bay. One of these two specimens is very remarkable in consequence of being double. At the top of a peduncle of the usual size and appearance are fixed two equal parallel and perfect male cones. Mr. Yates showed that some approach to this double formation is occasionally found in the genus *Encephalastus*, inasmuch as the axis of the cone is sometimes bifid near the summit. It was also remarked that the peduncle of Macrozamia bears leafy appendages, and that these have not been found in any other recent genus, but are very conspicuous on the peduncles of the fossil *Zamites gigas*, which is found in the oolitic strata near Whitby.

2. 'Observations on the Parasitic Habits of *Rhianthus crista-galli*, and its injurious effects on Barley' by Joshua Clarke, Esq., F.L.S. These observations were made during the last summer in the parish of Debden, in the county of Essex. The field contained four acres of barley, the soil a stiffish clay; the Rhianthus was growing in patches at different parts of the field, some of which were much larger than others, and occupying at least half the surface, by which about two acres of the barley was completely destroyed, and the remaining part of the crop very much injured both in quantity and quality. The farm consisted of 170 acres, principally clay soil, such as is usually called heavy land; thirty acres of it were of barley, about ten of which were destroyed by this plant; this loss, combined with other causes, induced the occupier to give it up. As to the mode by which the Rhianthus effects the injury, the fibres of the roots attach themselves to the fibres of the barley, in which they form small round tubers, or what perhaps may be more properly called spongiolites, which embrace the fibres so effectually, that they suck the juices of the plant so as to starve it, and in most instances ultimately destroy it. These spongiolites are formed of cellular tissue. It is not unfrequently the case that a correct knowledge of the habits and natural history of a plant may lead to its eradication, but in this instance it is a matter of considerable difficulty, the ordinary method of destroying weeds by a summer fallow being of no avail, as it does not grow in clean earth. I have for some years been trying to raise it from seed in clean earth, but have never succeeded; the other method of destroying weeds by green crops in rows, is equally unsuccessful, as it does not grow among green crops. As it is annual, it certainly should be pulled up before it sets, and as it grows on a clay soil, and to no great extent only in a wet season, the land should be effectually drained.

3. 'On the Reproduction of Lost Parts in Earth-worms,' by George Newport, Esq., F.R.S. I present for exhibition at this meeting of the Linnean Society three specimens of Earth-worms which have had parts of their bodies reproduced—an occurrence which was formerly proved by the experiments of Bonnet and Spallanzani to take place in these animals. One of the specimens exhibited is still living, the others are preserved in spirit. In each of them more than one-third of the posterior division of the body has been restored. The new parts in the whole are much smaller in diameter, and the segments much shorter than in the original anterior portion of the body. Although the reputation of Bonnet and Spallanzani requires no defence, I thought it might be inter-

esting to the Fellows of this Society to examine these specimens, since the fact of reproduction in Earth-worms and other Annelids has recently been denied. In a 'Report on the British Annelida,' by Dr. F. Williams, published in the 'Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science for the Year 1851,' the author, after mentioning the experiments of Bonnet and Spallanzani, as quoted by Professor Owen, makes the following announcement:—"On the authority of hundreds of observations, laboriously repeated at every season of the year, the author of this report can declare with deliberate firmness that there is not one word of truth in the above statement." (Report Brit. Assoc. 1851, p. 247.) This author must have been singularly unfortunate in his observations to have been led so positively to deny the fact ascertained by the great men referred to, since it is an uncommon thing, at this season of the year, to find earth-worms which have had a large portion of the body restored, as is easily seen by the much lighter colour, more delicate texture, and smaller dimensions of the new parts, as compared with the original parts of the animal.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

**Monday.**—School of Mines.—(Dr. Hofmann on Chemistry, 10 a.m.)—(Professor Hunt on Physics, 12 a.m.)

**Tuesday.**—Syro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m.—(1. Thomas Wright, Esq., on the Medieval Notices of the Cave of Machpelah; 2. Samuel Sharpe, Esq., on the Comparative Age of the Pyramids.)

— Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—(On the Speed and other properties of Ocean Steamers, by Captain A. Henderson.)

— Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.

— School of Mines.—(Dr. Percy on Metallurgy, 11 a.m.)—(Professor Smyth on Mineralogy, 2 p.m.)

— Zoological, 9 p.m.—(Professor Owen on the Walrus.)—(Dr. Gray on a New Genus of Molluscs.)

**Wednesday.**—Ethnological, 8½ p.m.—(1. A Report of the Ethnological Proceedings at the Hull Meeting of the British Association, by the Hon. Secretary; 2. On the Aracanian Indians (South Chile) by Don Ignatius Domesky, communicated by Francis Marriage, Esq.)

— School of Mines.—(Professor Hunt on Physics, 12 a.m.)—(Professor Smyth on Mineralogy, 2 p.m.)

— Literary Fund, 3 p.m.

— Royal Society of Literature, 4½ p.m.

— Pharmaceutical, 8½ p.m.

**Thursday.**—School of Mines.—(Dr. Hofmann on Chemistry, 10 a.m.)—(Professor Smyth on Mineralogy, 2 p.m.)

**Friday.**—School of Mines.—(Dr. Percy on Chemistry, 10 a.m.)—(Professor Hunt on Physics, 12 a.m.)

— Astronomical, 8 p.m.

— Meteorical, 8 p.m.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Nov. 2.

A GREAT—or, rather, noted—or, better still, notorious personage in these parts, one Louis Veron by name, has brought out a book, entitled 'Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris,' which is exciting great attention. This M. Veron is one of those strange characters who are only to be found in France, and in France only since it has been her sad lot to be periodically turned topsy-turvy by revolutions. He has been by turns a physician, a vendor of quack medicines, director of the Opera, an attaché to the picture-gallery of the Louvre, the editor of a literary review, the editor of the 'Constitutionnel' newspaper, a political meddler, the patron of M. Thiers and other eminent individuals, the confidential adviser of Louis Napoleon when President of the Republic, one of the founders of the Empire, a member of the legislative body; in politics a legitimist, a Philippist, a republican, a socialist, and a Bonapartist; a Voltairean sceptic, and a devout believer in religion; a Mecenas in literature, and a Lucullus in table luxury. Perhaps no man has seen so much of different sorts of "life" in Paris, or has mixed so much with men of different callings; and his book is destined to give details of his experience of men and things. The first volume, though without the slightest pretensions to literary merit, causes it to be believed that his 'Mémoires' will be one of the most curious, and perhaps one of the most valuable additions to

the history of the present time that we yet possess; for they will introduce us, to use his own expression, "behind the scenes" of the political, literary, theatrical, and social circles of Paris; will contain anecdotes, more or less true, and more or less scandalous, of contemporary *notabilités*; and will show the little or the secret causes of many great public events. But it will only, I fancy, be people well acquainted with Paris and Parisian celebrities, who can fully appreciate the merits of the book, or fully enjoy its piquant scandal. Still, as a picture of the manners and customs of the modern Parisians, it will be interesting to all. Whether, however, it will increase the esteem of foreigners for the *élite* of the French nation, as the Parisians consider themselves, may be doubted. In England, assuredly, people will be shocked at the idea of a quack doctor and a literary charlatan mixing on a footing of equality with statesmen and ministers; and they will be horrified at the state of society he displays—a state which, in luxury, corruption, and effrontery, appears to equal that of Rome, as described in the satires of Juvenal.

Do you know who has been the happiest of mankind during the last ten days? Alexandre Dumas. And why? Because he has set all Paris talking about him; all newspapers writing about him; and has compelled the correspondents of foreign journals to notice him under pain of neglect of duty. The way in which he has accomplished the feat is this:—As the "Gazette" announced lately, the government refused to allow his new five-act comedy, *La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.*, to be performed at the Théâtre Français, unless he would consent to strike out some passages of a political character, breathing a too liberal spirit for the present *régime*, and some others of such a nature as to be applicable to the sacred person and the not less sacred acts of his Imperial Majesty L. N. Bonaparte III. He thought fit in his wisdom to refuse the conditions imposed on him, and the play was accordingly peremptorily prohibited. "Ah! bah!" said he, "I don't care! I'll write another forthwith!" And he addressed an epistle to the Director of the Français, in which he undertook within one week, to deliver to him the manuscript of an entirely new play, to be called *La Jeunesse de Louis XV.*—not one single line of such play being then written, and its plot even not being formed *dans sa tête*. Although the man is noted for the extraordinary rapidity with which he writes—a volume a week is child's play to him—people generally imagined that he could hardly produce a decent comedy within so short a space. But on Friday last, three days before that fixed by himself for the delivery of it, he wrote to the manager of the theatre to say that it would be ready by the next morning. And, true to his word, he at twelve o'clock on Saturday actually stalked into the green-room with the manuscript in his pocket! The play was read to the actors—they expressed themselves delighted with it—unanimously declared that it ought to be accepted—and it was accepted accordingly. It is now in rehearsal, and is to be produced—supposing it to encounter no opposition from the powers that be—as soon as the actors can impress its text on their memories—a task which, it seems, occupy some weeks. It is not improbable that, in common with many sensible people here, you will look on this piece of quackery of the great literary quack with something like contempt; but it has set all our *gobemouches* a-wondering, and has made Dumas, in his way, as much of a lion as Prince Menschikoff and the hippopotamus recently were. The vain creature himself is as delighted with his exploit as if he had produced a work destined to live for ages; and he goes about proclaiming that railways and electric telegraphs are the slowest of slow coaches compared to him. But, after all, he has done greater things in the way of rapid scribbling. A few years back, for example, he was writing at one and the same time four different romances, in four different newspaper *feuilletons*, and that must have required, at a moderate estimate, 'copy' enough to fill a space equal to some half dozen columns of "The Times."

Jules Janin is hugely indignant in his last *feuilleton*;—he, it seems, was one of an immense multitude who assembled a few days ago at the Hippodrome, to see a man, pursuant to notice, ascend with a balloon on the back of a lion. The lion was brought in, in a strongly barred cage, and the spectators felt a certain degree of terror. The binding and muzzling of the lion were then proceeded to; the brute yelled hideously, and the spectators quaked in dismay. The lion was attached to the balloon, and the man got on his back; the spectators, pale as death, gazed with horror-stricken eyes. The balloon rose, and a shriek from the terrified spectators rose with it. "Oh! if the lion should devour him!" was the general cry; and the spectators went home to dinner, all the better for the emotion they had experienced, and not without hopes, perhaps, of reading in their next morning's newspaper that the superb monarch of the forest had, on his descent, dined on the biped ass on his back. But lo! it turned out after all that the lion was a stuffed one!

Frankfort, Nov. 1st.  
THE long expected "Volks und Musik Fest," at Carlruhe, took place in the early part of the month, after one or two postponements, resulting from the illness or professional engagements of those who took part in it. The streets of the town were tastefully ornamented with triumphal arches made out of green boughs, and hung with garlands of flowers and long waving festoons of green leaves. Flags floated from the public buildings, and gay carpets and bright draperies hung from the windows of the private houses, reminding one of the carnival scenes and holiday processions of pleasant Italy. It was on the whole a very gay sight, and music sounded in the air from early morning till late in the night. The principal feature of interest in the festival was the concert in the theatre, conducted by Liszt, the eminent pianist. The theatre itself, which is a new one, is a very handsome edifice, much too large, I should say, for any audience that Carlruhe could assemble, except on such occasions as the present; it is perhaps a little too lofty for its breadth, and the stage is too deep. On this occasion Edward Devrient, the director, had the stage very simply but appropriately arranged. Among the pieces executed, the overture to Wagner's opera of *Tannhäuser* received great applause, and Mrs. Howitz sang Mendelssohn's "Lörlei" beautifully; but Liszt's own "Festgesang," expressly composed for the occasion, was notwithstanding his brilliant execution, received in dead silence; it was, in short, unmitigatedly bad, and a great disappointment to everybody. On the following evening there was a concert at court, in which Liszt, Joachim, and Herr von Billow took part. The last-named artist was a pupil of Liszt's, and has already shown wonderful musical talent and great facility of execution. He is one of the most promising young artists of the day. There was the usual amount of balls for high and low, shows of wild beasts, ascents of balloons, and reviewing of troops. The entertainments closed with a representation of Schiller's *Maid of Orleans* at the theatre, followed by a procession of officials, bearing torches, to the palace, to thank the Prince Regent for the pleasure he had given to his own people and to the numerous visitors who had been attracted to Carlruhe, and to congratulate him on the success of the *fête*. The worthy officials were no doubt in the right, and the festival, with the solitary exception of Liszt's signal failure, was thoroughly successful; but with all its splendour, it could not but suggest a melancholy reflection in the mind of a looker-on, that a government must supply such shows and "spectacles" to occupy the minds of the people, and divert its attention from the persecutions of a Gervinus, or the gradual but steady suppression of all liberty of the press.

Poor Madame Mendelssohn's death was at last very sudden,—she was only 35 years of age. Benedict, from London, and her sister-in-law, from Kreuznach, were both on their way to visit her, and on their arrival in Frankfort found her dead.

A funeral concert took place at Frankfort, on the occasion of her death, under the direction of Capellmeister Gustav Schmidt; Mendelssohn's beautiful song 'Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath,' and a piece out of his oratorio 'Paulus,' were sung at her grave. I do not think it is generally known that the well-known music publisher at Offenbach, in this neighbourhood, Herr Hofrat André, has a large collection of the manuscripts of Mozart; they consist of 247 different pieces, amongst which is the opera *Ascania in Alba*, written in the short space of four weeks, when Mozart was only fifteen years of age. There are in this collection many unpublished works of the great composer. Herr André asks 15,000 florins for the MSS., a sum equal to about 125L.

A very interesting exhibition was opened at Weimar, on the 16th inst., in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of Lucas Cranach's birth. It is composed of pictures, drawings, and wood engravings, exclusively the works of Cranach. The celebrated altar-piece in the church at Weimar is amongst them. Almost all the pictures have been sent from private collections scattered through Germany. Such a complete illustration of the progressive works of one master has been rarely brought together as in this temporary exhibition at Weimar. A subscription is to be opened to defray the expenses of a suitable monument to be erected to this old German artist. A fine fresco has lately been discovered in the Evangelical church at Methler in Westphalia; the subject is the *Transfiguration*, with the twelve Apostles looking on awestruck. The fresco was exposed to view by the accidental fall during divine service of a piece of the mortar which covered it. The work is said to be of value, and as the church is under the patronage of Herr von Bodelschwinge-Belme, a great lover of art, we have every guarantee that it will not be neglected. Not very long ago Rauch, the Berlin sculptor, offered to present to the town of Arolsen a number of statues to adorn the principal church of his birthplace; his generous present was unaccountably not accepted by the town people, and in consequence of their refusal Kaulbach has declined presenting them with a picture which he had nearly completed for an altar-piece for the same church. The last-named artist has been commissioned to paint designs for the four corner windows of the grand staircase, to illustrate the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. Prince Metternich has just presented the town of Brussels with a bronze bust of Charles V., in recognition of the lengthened hospitality shown to the Prince by the Belgian capital. It is to be placed in the grand saloon of the Hotel de Ville. The expense of the marble groups on the Schlossbrücke at Berlin, including the cost of their erection, is 85,000 thalers. Another group is to be added next year, and in the following it is hoped the whole will be finished. Halévy's new opera, *Le Nabob*, has, I hear, been just brought out at Paris, and caused much indignation amongst real lovers of art. It is said to contain a coughing song, a sneezing duet, a smoking trio, a violin solo, in imitation of a bass voice, a barking chorus, and a bagpipe chorus. The newspapers announce the death of H. G. Müller at Dresden; he was a very promising landscape painter, and had already produced works of considerable merit: he was only thirty years of age. It is said that Herr Schubert and Herr Goldschmidt are about to give a series of concerts at Dresden, with the assistance of Madame Lind Goldschmidt. I do not, however, believe the latter part of the report. Karl Meish, the veteran Austrian dramatist, died at Vienna on the 8th of October, at the ripe age of seventy-eight.

#### VARIETIES.

"New Burlington-street, Oct. 31.

*Salad for the Solitary.*—"I observe in the 'Literary Gazette' of last week, you have fallen into the same mistake made by another literary journal, in stating, that the author of this work just published by me is an American writer. The author, I beg to inform you, is an Englishman

Mr. Saunders. It is necessary for me to announce this, lest those who are in the habit of appropriating new American works might suppose they were at liberty to reprint this work, which is copyright, and is my property.

"RICHARD BENTLEY."

"Fleet Street, Nov. 1st.

*Temple Bar.*—"You have expressed yourself so decidedly in favour of the retention of Temple Bar, that, as one who has publicly advocated its removal on the grounds of public convenience and commercial necessity, I have faint hopes of removing an impression which, from conviction on your part of its truth, you may have adopted. My object is, as 'a man of business in the city,' who has not given himself over to iconoclastic ideas without reasonable cause, to point out to you that the removal of Temple Bar involves in its scheme a plan, long contemplated, for improving the western approach into the City of London. The petitioners to the Common Council for the retention of Temple Bar, alluded to by you, are, in fact, so alive to the clearance inevitable on its removal, involving the disturbance of the premises of most of those now so loud in its praises, that the argument on selfish grounds, rather than affection for the Bar, becomes irresistible with them, and *hinc illa lacrymae*. It may be here pointed out that the removal of the Bar from its present site does not necessarily imply its destruction; whilst its continuance there will ever impede any plan that may be devised for widening the road and passenger way; and to seek to untie the Gordian knot by attempting a road round it, would involve an expense that the warmest admirers of the structure would be the first to caw at as a job.

"The only anomaly that has occurred to my mind in this controversy is the fact that a Scotchman, in the person of Mr. Peter Cunningham, should have allowed what poetic blood he has inherited to animate him to the attempt to achieve for Temple Bar a classic interest to which (the incident of Johnson and Goldsmith excepted) Middle Temple gate, or the house I live in, may equally lay claim—forgetful of those dark scenes of history with which Temple Bar must ever be associated to the exclusion of the fewer brighter ones—scenes which, so long as this visible record, gloomy, ill-omened, Temple Bar, preserves them from oblivion, must, to Scotchmen at least, prove humiliating.

"JOSHUA W. BUTTERWORTH."

*The New Pinakotheka, Munich.*—The opening of the new Pinakotheka, which took place yesterday (October 26th) by King Ludwig of Bavaria, has been hailed with universal satisfaction. This new building is destined, like the Vernon Gallery in London, and the Luxembourg at Paris, for the exhibition of the works of painters of the *present* century. But, while these establishments are only devoted to *national* artists, the Munich Pinakotheka is one open to the artists of the whole world. The following is a brief description of the building, whose architect is *Ober-Baurath* Voit. The upper story contains six large halls, which occupy the middle of the building, five minor ones on the south side (both lighted from above), and fourteen cabinets on the north side, the latter with side windows. A smaller double staircase on the outside of the building leads to a high entrance-hall, and thence one of larger dimensions leads to the first saloon, which contains four large vases, three of porphyry and one of malachite, and but one picture, the life-size portrait of King Ludwig, painted by Kaulbach. The succeeding four saloons are remarkable for some great pictures; the first, *The Flood*, by Professor Schorn (left incomplete at his death); the second, *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, by Kaulbach; the third, *The Entrance of King Otto into Nemplin*, by Peter Hess; the fourth, an *Altar-piece*, by Henry Hess. Besides these, each hall contains a variety of other pictures, amongst which we specify the large architectural pieces of Aymüller, Bayes, and others. Many of them are pictures of great size; still there is no overcrowding which could mar the quiet contemplation.

—Builder.

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